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The Sketch

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NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD BELGIAN PRINCESS.

PRINCESSE JOSÉPHINE-CHARLOTTE was photographed at Geneva as near as possible to her nineteenth birthday. She was born in Brussels on October 11, 1927, the eldest child of King Leopold of the Belgians by his first wife, Queen Astrid, whose tragic death in a car accident took place in 1935. King Leopold lives at present with his family and his second wife, the Princesse de Réthy, at *Le Reposoir*, a fine eighteenth-century house on the northern shores of the Lake of Geneva.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

" What a Piece of Work . . . ! " Have you got an electronic brain? For your own sake, and, indeed, for everybody's sake, I hope not. The thought of a human brain which could do a million abstruse mathematical calculations per hour I find extremely depressing. However, this morbid-minded apparatus, with its myriad valves, has made a great hit with the public. It is front-page news. I am glad to note that the scientists, seconded by the Brains Trust, have been taking it down a peg. You and I may not have thousands of valves fitted into our works (as a matter of fact, we *have*—but of a different type—far more ingenious than any mechanical ones yet invented), but we definitely score off this super-Wellsian contrivance. This machine cannot *think*; it seems able to remember, but it cannot think. Whereas you and I can say proudly, with the philosopher, "I think, therefore I am."

" Gentlemen ! We 'll call this one Operation ' Operation.' "

DRAWN BY ROBERTS.

Anyhow, we think we can think. Frequently our actions are governed by our glandular secretions rather than by our grey matter, but the humblest of us *can* think if he tries, and the most marvellous mechanism cannot.

Frankenstein and All That.

Consequently, the scientists say that it is all nonsense to talk about the machine mastering the man. So long as the machine can do only what it is told—however miraculously it may do it—it is a servant and not a boss. The monster, we are assured, can never overpower its Frankenstein, because it has no will except such as Frankenstein allows it. But I suggest that the scientists, in reaching this comfortable conclusion, have rather missed the point. The danger does not lie in man's creating something with powers of cerebration greater than his own. I am not sure that that is inconceivable, but let us write it off as, at least, highly improbable. The real danger lies in man's own imperfect mind. It consists of a huge, but easy, fallacy which could wreck everything if we accepted it (as we seem apt to do). The danger, in short, is in supposing that machines can do for us what, in reality, nobody and nothing can do for us except ourselves.

The Sausage-Machine. Here is an illustration of what I mean: It is proclaimed that a new operation on the frontal lobes of the brain will "cure worry, anxiety and fear." I hasten to add that the statement is not made by any scientist, but only by head-lining news-hawks; but it shows how people think about these things. Anybody who supposes that surgery can eliminate worry, anxiety and fear from human affairs is as wide of the mark as the dear innocents who suppose that the Atlantic Charter, or any other Charter, can secure "freedom from want and freedom from fear." In medicine there is, I think, special danger of the Great Fallacy to which I have referred. There are, in this branch of science, marvellous techniques, machines and processes, and new ones are always being invented. But mechanical results have to be *interpreted*; and there is great danger, as it seems to me, of the modern doctor turning handles and pressing buttons instead of relying on his own skill and judgment—in other words, of trying to make the machine do for him what in fact he can only do for himself.

" The firm allowed me to use it until I can find a house."

DRAWN BY R.E.

The More the Merrier?

I don't know whether anybody now reads "Erewhon," but you will find in that book, published in 1872, the whole problem set forth with insight which now seems strangely prophetic. I leave the matter between you and Samuel Butler, one of the most original geniuses of the nineteenth century; meanwhile, it looks as if we shall have to do something electronic or robotic, on a large scale, if we are going to keep this country in running order. I have always maintained that half our troubles spring from the fact that there are far too many people in the world, and I believe we should all be better off if we could halve the population of the globe. But other people, and especially the Teeming East, don't see it that way, and if these others obstinately insist on teeming, apparently we are forced to teem also, in self-defence. In spite of the fact that the birth-rate is higher than it has been for

" Excuse me, but do you happen to know if the door opens again before Camden Town ? " [DRAWN BY OCCY.]

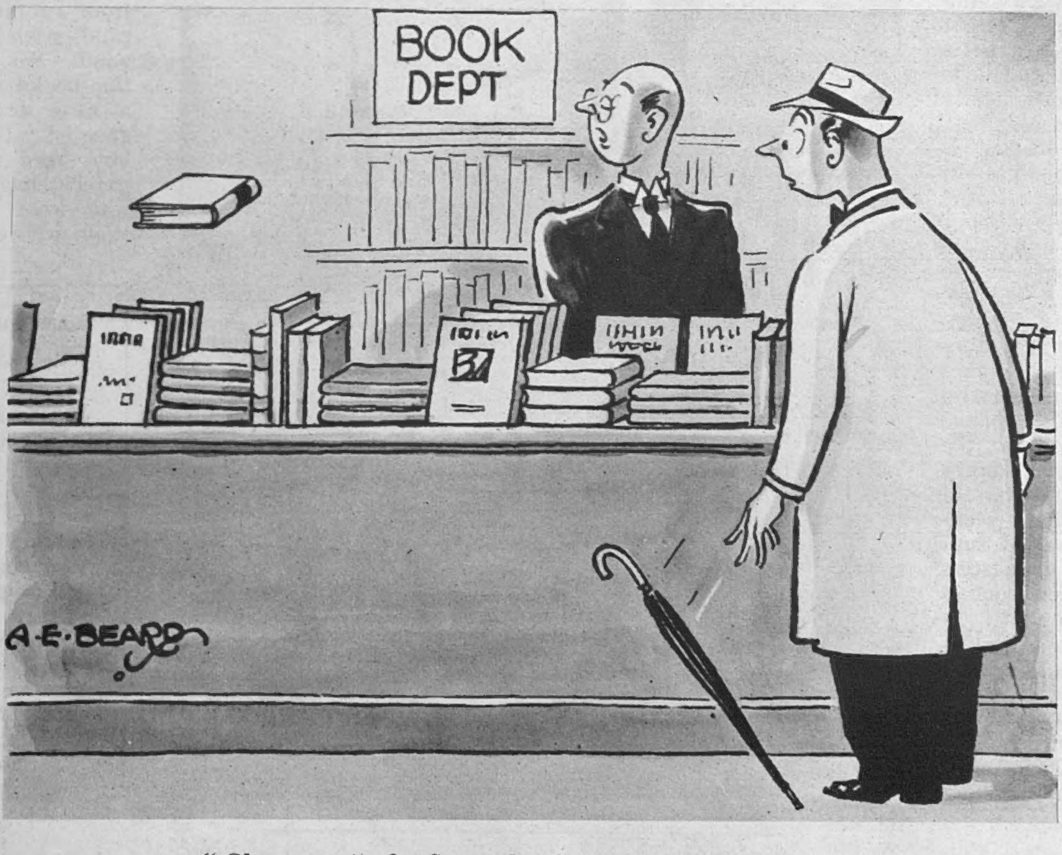
twenty-one years, we don't appear to be teeming fast enough to meet the needs of industry. Man-power is short everywhere, or, as Sir Stafford has put it, the whole country is chronically "understaffed."

The Doing and Undoing. It is characteristic of a certain habit of mind that the working population of a country of 46 millions should be thought of as a "staff." Why the shortage? Our actual losses in war are only about half what they were in the Other War—after which there were, unhappily, more men than jobs. There are still, of course, the heavy demands of the Services; and there are also the demands of that other Service which is called (not always accurately) Civil. I do not know the total labour force of this nation, but I do not see how it can possibly be adequate when more than a million of it is engaged in tying knots of red tape. If we don't look out, we shall divide the community into two classes—the form-fillers and the form-filers. As for "go slow," and don't-go-at-all, and absenteeism and all the other forms of under-production, the explanation is very simple. Fill people up to the brim with Security in various specious guises, and there comes into play that old but eternally true maxim: "Every man is as lazy as he dares to be."

"There's going to be *such* a shemozzle in a minute . . ."

DRAWN BY STARKE.

Booms. However, if there is a shortage of man-power and woman-power, it fortunately does not show itself everywhere. There is enough woman-power left to maintain the boom in matrimony, though its advantages are doubted in some quarters. Homes are defabricated almost before they are prefabricated, and I observe that a good deal of the blame is being put on the in-laws—which seems to me a little hard, seeing that the in-laws have to bear much of the heat and burden of the day. Despite the in-laws and other disturbing influences, there is, as I have mentioned, a boom in babies, and perhaps that will eventually help the man-power situation. There are other booms to keep us lively, and one of the biggest of them is in the theatre. I do not remember any time when the drama flourished so exuberantly, and, having been an ardent playgoer all my life, I count it a hardship that I cannot, without great difficulty, get near any play I want to see. My loss, I trust, is the actor's gain. Also the Chancellor of the Exchequer's—and I hope it gives him a song in his heart.



"Ghost stories? Certainly, Sir. . . . Miss Smith!"

DRAWN BY A. E. BEARDS.

The Way of the Transgressor.

And then there is the boom in crime. How often have I told you that crime does *not* pay? "At the last, it stingeth like a serpent"—as was shown the other day in a startling, zoological manner. A pickpocket, on his unlawful occasions, slipped a deft hand into a likely-looking pocket, and drew forth not lucre but a snake! True, it was a non-poisonous reptile, belonging to a professional "magician," but the criminal was not to know that, and it is reported that the yell which he uttered was one of true repentance. He is a reformed character, who has sworn to live an honest life and has also taken the pledge. As the snake got away, it is a nice question in law whether the pickpocket stole it. The way of the transgressor is indeed hard. Long ago, when women had pockets in their skirts, I knew a heavy-weight, Junoesque Irish cook who, in a crowd, detected a hand in her pocket. She grasped it in a grip of iron, and, with her other hand, so belaboured the thief with her "gamp" that the police had to intervene and pick up the pieces. The snake method, however, is even more effective, and in view of the wave of burglary, we all ought to keep a few cobras about the place.

Grand National. I referred recently to the National Anthem and deplored the Bowdlerising of some of its more vigorous sentiments. I am not prepared, however, to defend it on literary grounds; but when I see a staid journal like the *Spectator* attacking it in point of *tune*, I enter an indignant protest.

[*Continued overleaf.*

From a musical point of view " God Save the King " admirably fulfils the requirements of a national anthem, which are dignity, simplicity, sonority and practicable vocal range. There are more elaborate melodies, such as the " Marseillaise " and (perhaps finest of all) the old Russian National Anthem, but none better-proportioned than ours for a ceremonial occasion. It has a wider resonance than we realise. I remember once being startled to hear a group of American schoolchildren suddenly burst into " God Save the King." But it wasn't, of course; it was " My country, 'tis of thee," which is set to exactly the same tune. Few people realise that this, and not " The Star-Spangled Banner," is the true national anthem of the United States.

" No, Madam ; I'm afraid that every bed is booked up for the next twelve months . . ."

DRAWN BY BARRY APPLEBY.

DRAWN BY MILLER.

Paper and Print.

I wrote of booms just now, and I should have mentioned books, which, first-hand or second-hand, are having an unprecedented boom—or would be doing so if there were enough of them ! Here is an illuminating footnote to the present cost of things : in 1945 there were printed in England 6000 new books, as against nearly 15,000 in 1939, and only 921 reprints and new editions, as against 4493 in 1939. Yet the total cash turnover of the book-trade in 1944—twenty and a half millions—was nearly double that of 1939, and the export value nearly 5 millions, as against 3 millions. Sometimes I almost bless the paper restrictions, because it makes books so much easier to slip into a pocket ; but I change my mind when I look at the print ! It is a genuine luxury to pick up a twenty-year-old book and see what a well-printed page can be. I suppose there are many youngsters who have never seen such a thing ! Gloomy thought !

Wonderful World.

" Another blank day in Melbourne." " Melbourne pitch flooded, play washed out." Let us have no more of those dirty cracks about Manchester, please.—The Big Four are to have State papers in two colours, white and blue. Well, I dare say the application of the Seidlitz principle might have a healthy effect on international relations.—Mowgli, the Gazelle Boy, has a mother ! She claims him, but cannot restrain him from running away from hospital with the speed of the wind. His latest is leaping on the backs of passing camels—a new accomplishment for gazelles, I believe.—Another boy, aged thirteen, and not a gazelle, has hitch-hiked all the way from Berlin to England. Well, who can blame him ?

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

What could one choose better for a friend or relation abroad than a subscription to " THE SKETCH " for six or twelve months. Imagine the great pleasure it would give them to receive this delightful journal fortnightly. A greetings card will be sent with the first copy, if desired. Subscription rates on application to the Publisher, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

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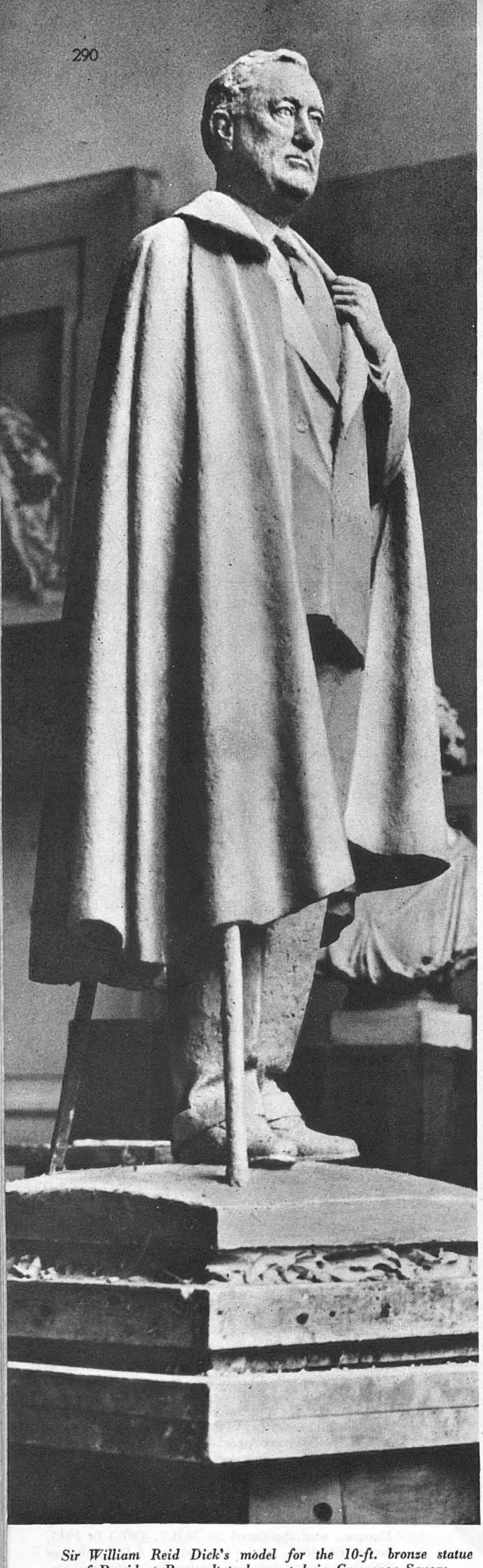
A JANUARY MARRIAGE FOR MISS MARY CHURCHILL AND CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER SOAMES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

Miss Mary Churchill, youngest daughter of the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill and Mrs. Churchill, is to marry Captain Christopher Soames, Coldstream Guards, only son of Captain Arthur Granville Soames, O.B.E., and the Hon. Mrs. H. M. Rhys. The pair met recently in Paris, where Captain Soames is Assistant Military Attaché at the British Embassy; he is twenty-six, and served in Egypt, Italy and France during the war. Miss Churchill is twenty-four; enlisted in the A.T.S. as a private in September 1941; reached junior commander rank in November 1944. She served with A.-A. batteries in Britain and Europe; was appointed an M.B.E. (Mil.) in 1945, for meritorious service; acted as A.D.C. to her father on several occasions during his visits overseas. They hope to be married some time in January.



Sir William Reid Dick's model for the 10-ft. bronze statue of President Roosevelt to be erected in Grosvenor Square.

THE ROOSEVELT STATUE AND ITS VANTAGE VIEW OF GROSVENOR SQUARE.

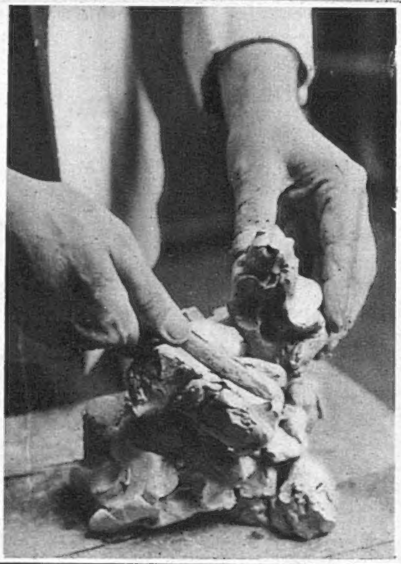
Sir William Reid Dick's statue of Roosevelt, 10 ft. high and in bronze, is to be erected in a specially designed garden in Grosvenor Square. The whole project is expected to cost £40,000, and the appeal for this fund, confined to the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland, is aimed at an average of 5s. subscriptions so as to enable as many people as possible to share in it. The popularity of this decision was swiftly reflected in the contributions which began to pour in immediately on the heels of the appeal. At a booth in front of the Mansion House alone, three thousand people queued on the day following the Prime Minister's broadcast to hand in their donations to the fund, contributors averaging 500 an hour; and reports from the provinces indicate that the appeal has been equally well received in country districts. The statue shows Mr. Roosevelt standing in characteristic pose, as when he took the oath of office as President of the United States. It is hoped that the Memorial will be unveiled by Mrs. Roosevelt.

Grosvenor Square seen from the vantage point to be occupied by the bronze Roosevelt, at whose feet will be a specially designed garden. The statue will stand facing buildings, on the south side of the Square, closely associated with America's fight for the world's freedom.

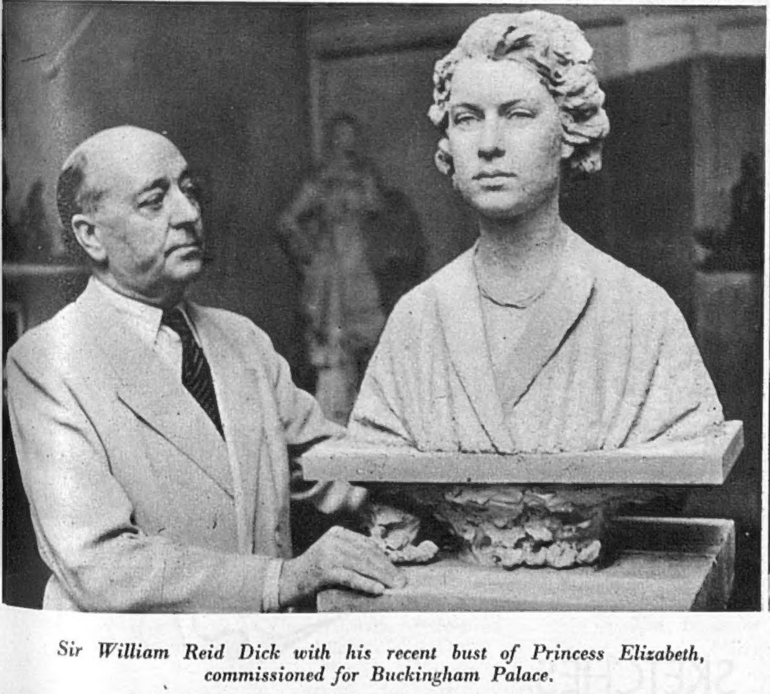
SCULPTOR OF KINGS AND PRESIDENT: SIR WILLIAM REID DICK IN HIS STUDIO.

The Prime Minister's broadcast appeal on November 17 for funds for the Roosevelt Memorial, and Mr. Churchill's broadcast on the same subject, carried a stage further the project to erect in Grosvenor Square, so closely associated with the United States during World War II., a statue to the great Democratic President. The design has been entrusted to Sir William Reid Dick, R.A., whose sitters include King George VI., Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, and Princess Elizabeth. Our photographs were taken in the famous sculptor's studio in Maida Vale.

Sir William Reid Dick among sculptures in his Maida Vale studio, including a statue of King George V. to be erected at Westminster and a Lady Godiva statue for Coventry.



Right: The hands of a famous sculptor: A study of Sir William Reid Dick's hands at work on modelling material.



Sir William Reid Dick with his recent bust of Princess Elizabeth, commissioned for Buckingham Palace.

The famous sculptor standing beside the studio fireplace, which carries samples of his work. On the right is his recent bust of Princess Elizabeth.

THE LATE WORM.

I will arise and go now where all have gone before,
and scan the empty counters in every London store.

Money I have in plenty, a heart with love replete,
but oh, where lies the bounty my starving eyes to greet?

Like locusts, hungry-handed, the women fight for toys,
sweep into gaping bags the knives I meant to buy the boys,

Suck into eager maws the caps, the crackers and the snow,
the fairy for the Christmas cake, the ersatz mistletoe.

Gone with the wind the silver stars, the candles for the tree,
Angels and ministers of grace, look down and pity me!

How can I give my darlings, how can I give my loves,
lisping and young as cherubs, these monstrous gardening gloves

How can I fill their stockings, that hang as limp as rags,
with large, expensive sponges and odious raffia bags?

Who wants a nymph in stucco, who needs a dwarf in clay?
Here is a painted slop-pail for a happy Christmas Day!

Here is a leather brief-case of mud and paper made,
a panda as a standard lamp, ten guineas with the shade!

Oh uncle, brother, son, I search for strange yet simple gifts;
Go down to hell by stairways and up to hell in lifts;

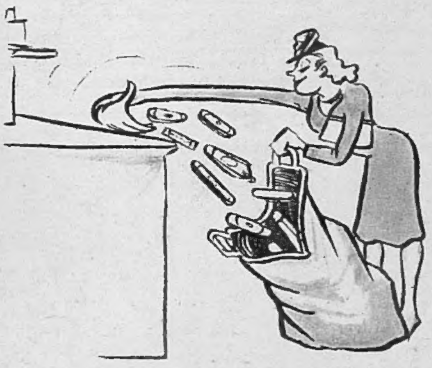
Oh aunts and old retainers, for you my tender feet
press onward into battle, nor contemplate retreat;

Oh husband, couponless I stray, nor fondle with mine eyes
waistcoats or shirts or underpants, or squared Parisian ties.

The choice lies open, stark and bare, between a tin of Vix
and cuff-links costing ninety pounds, plus postage one and six!

I only pray that seeking, too, you'll find in your despair,
You have to end by buying me a diamond solitaire.

VIRGINIA GRAHAM.



LIGHTENING SKETCHES.

The Duchess of Grafton surveys the grounds of her home, Euston Hall, near Thetford, Norfolk.

THE DUCHESS OF GRAFTON AT EUSTON HALL.

The Duchess of Grafton was Miss Rita Carr-Ellison, daughter of the late Mr. J. S. Carr-Ellison, member of a very old and distinguished Northumbrian family. Her marriage to the tenth Duke of Grafton took place in 1944, and their home is the fine old country mansion of Euston Hall outside Thetford, Norfolk. The Duchess is President of the Suffolk branch of the British Red Cross Society and an honorary Life Governor of St. George's Hospital; was Chairman of the Ball held in aid of the hospital at the Dorchester on November 16, at which the Duchess of Kent was present. The Duchess's first husband, Lt.-Cdr. J. T. Currie, died in action in 1941. The Dukes of Grafton are descended from Henry Fitzroy, son of Charles II and Lady Castlemaine.

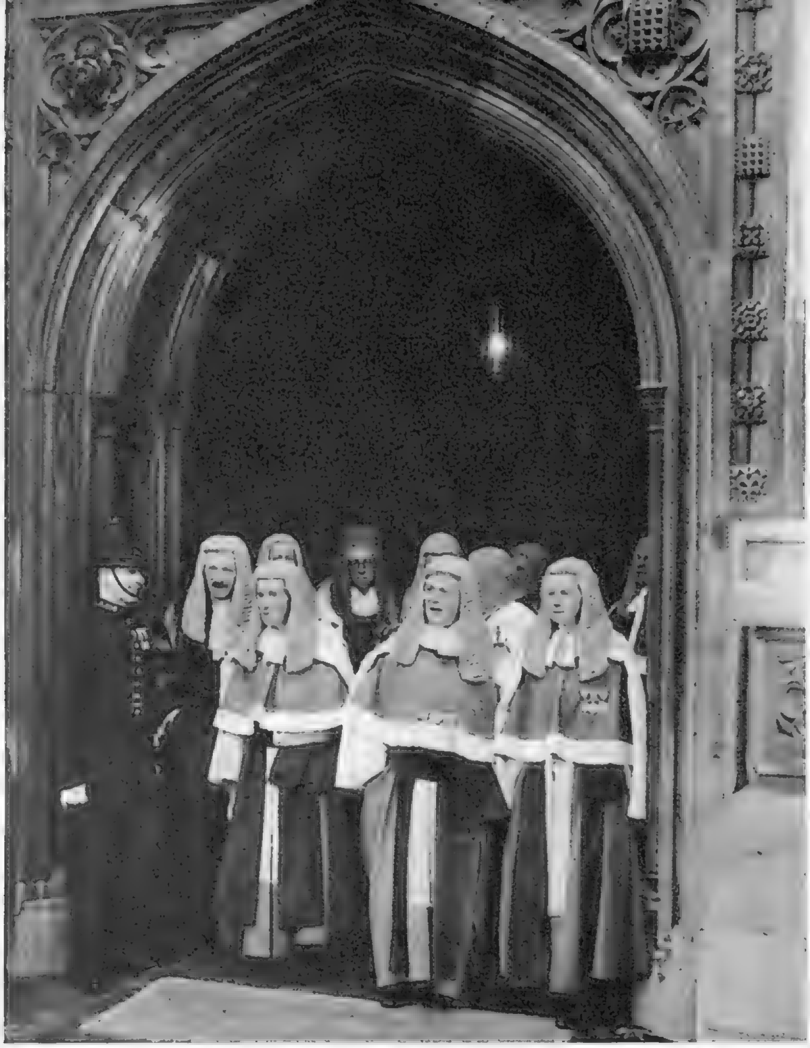
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERTRAM PARK.

View of Euston Hall, seat of the Duke of Grafton, seen through the splendid trees which surround it.

An attractive study of the Duchess with her spaniel in the grounds of Euston.

The Duke of Grafton specialises in Suffolk Punch horses as well as Jersey cattle. His home farm of 1500 acres includes 1200 acres reclaimed since 1939.

CAMERA PIECES FROM



His Majesty's Judges leaving the House of Lords after the State Opening of Parliament by the King on November 12. Their traditional robes struck a picturesque note in a ceremony not yet restored to its full pageantry.

Unhorsed but still clinging grimly to the horse's tail, this bareback rider was saved by her safety-belt when, rehearsing for the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia, she involuntarily parted company with her mounts.

Right: Eugene Goossens, oldest member of the famous musical family, who recently arrived in this country for his first visit in seven years to conduct a series of concerts at the Albert Hall. During his visit it was announced that he will return to Australia early next year to be resident conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra and Director of the New South Wales Conservatorium of Music.

The Cares of a Tired World: a striking cartoon head, contrived from cardboard and plaster by Jean Canneel, an artist well known in Belgium, and showing M. Paul-Henri Spaak in his capacity of President of the United Nations. It was originally published in Brussels.

Miss Josephine Janson, protected by an umbrella, and her veil gathered safely out of range of the mud, arriving at the King's Chapel of the Savoy on November 19 for her marriage to Captain Donald Colquhoun. The bridegroom commanded the British Guard of Honour at the Potsdam Conference.

HE WORLD'S JIGSAW.

Apparently airborne, Compton makes an all-out effort to stop a ball snicked through the slips by Hassett in the Victoria v. M.C.C. match at Melbourne.

Left: Mrs. Odette Sansom showing to her three daughters the George Cross she had received from the King at Buckingham Palace on November 19 Leaning over Mrs. Sansom's shoulder is Captain Peter Churchill, whom she refused under Gestapo torture to betray and who received the D.S.O. from the King at the same Investiture.

A scene of splendour at the opening of the 62nd regular season of the Metropolitan Opera in New York—an event which vied in glory with any pre-war début, the famous Diamond Horseshoe being packed to overflowing.

earch of leprechauns: Mr. and Mrs. Walt Disney at Southampton heir arrival here in the "Queen Elizabeth" on November 19. of the visit is being spent in Ireland in search of authentic leprechaun folklore for one of the famous film cartoons.

The Duchess of Kent, Commandant of the W.R.N.S., at a reception at Admiralty House on November 19, with (left) Superintendent J. M. Woolcombe, the recently-appointed Director of the W.R.N.S., and Dame Vera Laughton Mathews, who has retired after eight years as Director and in whose honour the reception was held.

STAGE CAMEOS.

By JOHN RUSSELL.

THOSE who are curious to know "what song the Sirens sang" will not be any the wiser for seeing "Les Sirènes," at Covent Garden; geographers may be surprised to find a standard English pier doing duty on the south coast of France; but ornithologists will recognise, in Miss Margaret Dale's Seagull, a bewitchment owing more to the foreshore than to Tchekov; and ordinary theatregoers will enjoy the wittiest entertainment in London.

Devised by Mr. Frederick Ashton, Lord Berners, and Mr. Cecil Beaton, "Les Sirènes" owes something to the stage machinery of Covent Garden, and a good deal to the endurance of the company, most of whom complete at least one change of costume during the performance. Few theatres could so brilliantly mount the antique balloon in which Mr. Ashton makes his first appearance from the heavens; as if to show the range of its powers, the company later swims and frolics among high seas sketched in with an economy worthy of the classical theatres of Japan. Ballet can show few things funnier than Mr. Ashton's burlesque of oriental dancing; and in this feast of impertinence one of the best morsels is Mr. Helpmann's parody of an Italian tenor. But, delightful as it is to hear Mr. Helpmann sing, he would do well either to perfect his imitation, or to shorten it. Miss Fonteyn's Spanish dance has the decisive brilliance with which she, alone among English performers, can command the stage; and the accomplished buffoonery of Mr. Ashton and Mr. Helpmann does not overshadow performances of straightforward excellence by Miss Beryl Grey and Messrs. Somes, Edwards, and Rassine.

Covent Garden, which in the past has witnessed incomparable performances of "La Boutique Fantasque" and "Le Beau Danube," is now graced by the English counterpart of these wonderful entertainments. The Sadler's Wells Ballet has grown, let us say, to the shoulder of the great Russian companies of the past. But several vital inches are still lacking, and nothing is easier than to measure them. "Les Sirènes" has, for instance, some characteristically comical inspirations; but when the first shock of laughter is over, one notices that the dancing itself has little invention. The long *pas de deux* for Miss Fonteyn and Mr. Helpmann could have come from any one of a dozen ballets; in the "Boutique Fantasque" there is just the extra lunge of originality which turns a good ballet into a work of art. Lord Berners' score has also many moments of great wit, in which the great ancients of ballet-music have lent him, for an instant, their wings. But Chabrier, Satie and de Falla are not easy to parody; and there are long stretches of "Les Sirènes" in which other masters—Ketelbey, Woodforde-Finden and Mr. Eric Coates—seem to have got into the orchestra-pit. The inner vitality of Strauss and Rossini, the great surplus of energy which used to make the whole world spin four times as fast—these are lacking from "Les Sirènes," which is most like an elaborate and costly charade, improvised and performed by members of that nearly extinct class, the cultivated amateurs. Still, there is much to applaud in it; and when Lord Berners embraced Miss Fonteyn before the curtain, there was no mistaking the roars of approval, and perhaps of envy, which greeted his gesture.

*

At the Arts, Heijermans' "Rising Sun" got off to an uneasy start, with a good deal of bumping and boring among Miss Lehmann's youthful cast. But this play (Dutch, but looking northwards to Ibsen for its inspiration) begins raggedly and gets steadily better, and tighter, and more and more full of interesting matter. If it were not for duty, inertia, politeness or the fact of having paid for one's seat, I fancy that the theatre would be empty by the end of the first scene of Act I.

But by Act II, Heijermans has sprung a first-rate dramatic surprise. Nobody could care passionately about the designs of the big chain store upon the little family shop; the family, in its shopkeeping capacity, does not engage our sympathy. But in his second act Heijermans goes very deeply into the relations between father and daughter, which is the real subject of the play. Guilt is the favourite theme of our times, as innocence was that of the novels of a century ago; and Miss Dorothy Gordon and Mr. Denis Carey did it full justice. As a *sauce Hollandaise*, Miss Lehmann had cooked up some splendid Teniers-like boors for the background, and the little stage at the Arts puts on a brave bonfire for the burning-down of the family shop. Mr. Michael Gwynn was particularly good as Miss Gordon's awkward suitor.

A scene from "The Rising Sun," at the Arts Theatre Club. The play, which deals with the tragedy of a small Dutch shopkeeper steadily sinking into bankruptcy, was written by Herman Heijermans, a Dutch journalist who died in dreadful poverty in the 1920's. The translation from the Dutch by Christopher St. John was first presented in this country by the Pioneer Players at the Lyric, Hammersmith, in 1919. The revival at the Arts was produced by Beatrix Lehmann, the players in the scene above being Denis Carey, Marjorie Zeidler, Joss Ackland, Dorothy Gordon, Michael Gwynn, Robert Cartland, and Yvonne Coulette.

*

The Embassy, Swiss Cottage, did very well to put on Mr. H. E. Bates' "Day of Glory." Writers of his quality are too few, in the theatre, and the play also gives full scope to a first-rate dramatic actress, Miss Mary Morris. The piece itself is a melodrama of wartime life, in which Mr. Bates has not quite assumed his full stature, either as narrator or as commentator; but there is plenty of good strong feeling in the piece, and Mr. Raymond Huntley and Mr. Roderick Lovell play it as if it were Shakespeare, Goethe, and Aeschylus rolled into one.

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"Treble Trouble" at the Garrick offers triviality of another kind. Mr. George Gee has a place of his own among comedians, and his new play has the advantage, rare in farces, of a small admixture of new comic matter.

*

At the Aldwych, "And No Birds Sing" has none of the Keatsian echoes suggested by its title. It is, in fact, a comedy upon the theme (now nearing its jubilee) of how best to woo a woman whose heart is given over to her profession. To-day's answer has none of the Shavian dialectic with which the problem would have been solved in 1905. Miss Elizabeth Allan charmingly resisted Mr. Harold Warrender for the statutory length of time, and there were good subsidiary performances by Mr. Nigel Stock and Miss Elspeth Seely-White.

Another scene from "The Rising Sun," with Michael Gwynn, Dorothy Gordon, and Robert Cartland.

STAGE.

"MUSTS":

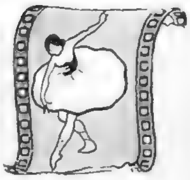
"UNDER THE COUNTER" (Phoenix).
"SWEETEST AND LOWEST" (Ambassadors).
"BIG BEN" (Adelphi).
THE OLD VIC THEATRE CO. (New).

WELL WORTH SEEING.

"HIGH TIME" (Palladium).
"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" (Haymarket).
"PERCHANCE TO DREAM" (Hippodrome).
"THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER" (St. Martin's).
"IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (Duke of York's).
"FOLLOW THE GIRLS" (His Majesty's).
"WORM'S EYE VIEW" (Whitehall).
"THE GUINEA-PIG" (Criterion).
"SONG OF NORWAY" (Palace).
"FIFTY-FIFTY" (Strand).
"HERE COME THE BOYS" (Saville).
"NO ROOM AT THE INN" (Winter Garden).
"THE WINSLOW BOY" (Lyric).
"GRAND NATIONAL NIGHT" (Apollo).
"PICK-UP GIRL" (Casino).

SCREEN CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.



"SCHOOL FOR SECRETS," the new piece about radar at the Odeon, Leicester Square, is the sort of thing that the British film people, when they put their minds to it, can do remarkably well. It lies midway between drama and documentary; it deals in facts, seen from the point of view of fiction. It is more about radar than any*thing* else; but it is less about radar than about a group of people working on radar.

The work as we see it on the screen is mainly the invention of that remarkable young actor-playwright, Peter Ustinov. Mr. Ustinov wrote the story, directed it, and co-produced it. The film has the colour of his mind; although many of the events it records are based on official data, and although it is careful at all times not to trespass beyond the bounds of broad historical probability, the final conception of the film has been shaped by his own antic observation.

"School for Secrets" takes a small group of scientists—"Boffins," in R.A.F. slang—who are sent to a country town at the beginning of the war to work together on the development of radar. They take their wives with them, and they also take their prejudices. In the laboratory, they work zealously as a team, and present a blank and united front to intruders, pessimists and gossips. But alone in the lace-curtained, linoleumed, genteel boarding-house where they are billeted, they pamper their prejudices like children. Mrs. A. may be a scientist's wife, but Mr. B. still thinks her loud. Professor C. may be the world's greatest authority on reptiles, but Professor D. still considers him a fool. Propinquity during the long war years blunts the edge of some prejudices, sharpens others, but as a whole the Boffins remain men who are set in their ways and will not allow such a scientific trifle as a global upheaval to affect the enormous minutiæ of their personal conduct.

"School for Secrets" is young Mr. Ustinov's first big film assignment, and he comes out of it with honour. He is still not completely familiar with his instrument. A good deal of fun is lost in "School for Secrets" because the director has not learnt how to point it. He has a good idea, and keeps it, partly out of shyness, partly out of over-confidence, to himself. He believes, touchingly but wrongly, that what is plain to him must be plain to everybody else. He is still not experienced enough to do the easy things well.

But—and it is a big but—his work is alive and personal. It is plainly not the work of a man who has been employed on a routine job—("We 've got to have some sort of picture about radar")—and is content to satisfy official requirements, mildly entertain the public, and have done with it. This is the film of an acute observer, whose interests have been caught up in a certain story and a certain type of character. Mr. Ustinov is enormously helped by the cast he has gathered round him. With the exception of Ralph Richardson, none of the players are top-rank stars. They are there not for the sake of their names on the theatre canopy, but to do a job of acting, and they do it magnificently.

As to Mr. Richardson, as the leading scientist he is more nearly a complete success in the cinema than he has ever been. Up to now, I have always felt, he has been too big for the screen, or at least for the films in which he has been employed. He has never quite accommodated himself to the scale of the close-up or the pitch of the sound-track, and those who hold him, as I do, to be one of the greatest character actors in the world to-day, have occasionally been embarrassed by a candid performance that gives the effect of extravagance. In "School for Secrets" he seems, for the first time, to have got the measure of his medium. He consistently underplays. His sketch is so light, indeed, that it might almost be a pencil rough for a portrait, rather than the portrait of a man himself. This method is not likely to produce a performance that will win an Academy award, but it is extraordinarily beneficial to the well-being of the film. For the whole point of "School for Secrets" is that it is the drama, not of one man, but a group. And a group of ordinary people is apt to look pretty silly if it includes a giant.

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If "School for Secrets" is the sort of thing England can do well, "The Killers" (Gaumont and Marble Arch) ought to be a natural for Hollywood. That is what makes the finished film all the more disappointing. It begins splendidly. A couple of professional assassins stroll into a small-town cafeteria, and, without extending themselves in any way, put the fear of lead into the bartender, the negro cook, and the solitary customer. They will have bacon and eggs, they say, while they wait. They are waiting to kill a guy called the Swede. "We 're killing him for a friend." But the Swede doesn't turn up that night. The killers leave as casually as they came. The solitary customer, horrified, rushes out to warn the Swede. But the Swede simply shrugs his shoulders, and goes on lying on his bed, knowing that the killers will get him sometime, and he can do nothing about it.

Up to this point the film follows, almost word for word, a Hemingway short story that was a small classic in suggested horror. But here the Hemingway story ends. Unfortunately, the film goes on. Auxiliary writers have been called in to explain just how the Swede came to find himself in this singularly uncomfortable spot. They do so in a series of flashbacks, which have the effect of bewildering the spectator without in any way heightening the drama. The film goes on and on, taking the evidence of this witness and that witness, and getting deeper and deeper into narrative brackets. It is not at all ill-acted. Honest, unassuming practitioners like Albert Dekker and Sam Levene do their stuff well, and there is a touching little sketch of a drab Atlantic City chambermaid by an actress called Queenie Smith. The film gives a sharp enough picture of the hinterland of city life, but never again comes within hailing distance of that masterly opening.

*

The same director, Robert Siodmak, is responsible for "The Dark Mirror" (Odeon, Marble Arch), and in this he is more consistently successful. The film opens, most satisfactorily, with a shot of a dark room, a spilt lamp, a shattered mirror, and the white hand of a corpse. After that it plunges enthusiastically into a police hunt for the killer, who proves to be one of a pair of identically beautiful twins. Since both twins refuse to talk, and both, upon the surface, are equally innocent and sweet, a psychiatrist (Lew Ayres) is called in to study the girls' sub-conscious, and determine which is the killer and which the dupe.

Olivia de Havilland, who plays both sisters, is kept extremely busy, and it is fortunate that she is an intelligent and personable girl, of whom it is not easy to have too much. "The Dark Mirror" is hokum, but good hokum, with a high surface polish and a nice, smooth pace. Only suggestible persons with twins in the family might be wiser to stay away from it.

STAGE.—*(Continued.)*

"THE POLTERGEIST" (Vaudeville).
"SWEETHEART MINE" (Victoria Palace).
"CLUTTERBUCK" (Wyndham's).
"FOOLS RUSH IN" (Fortune).
"BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD" (St. James's).
"MESSAGE FOR MARGARET" (Duchess).
"THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH" (Piccadilly).
"THE SHEPHARD SHOW" (Princes).
"THE NIGHT AND THE LAUGHTER" (Coliseum).
"PICCADILLY HAYRIDE" (Prince of Wales).
"ICE REVUE" (Stoll).
"AND NO BIRDS SING" (Aldwych).
"LADY FREDERICK" (Savoy).

CINEMA.

"BLUE SKIES" (Carlton).
"A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH" (Empire).
"LE BOIS SACRÉ" (Studio One).
"THE KID FROM BROOKLYN" (Leicester Square).
"SCHOOL FOR SECRETS" (Odeon, Leicester Square).
"THE KILLERS" (Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion).
"THE DARK MIRROR" (Odeon, Marble Arch).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

Ralph Richardson in "School for Secrets," in which he plays what is probably the most outstanding rôle of a distinguished career.

The radar receiving panel in action in "School for Secrets": Peggy Evans as Daphne Adams, and Ingrid Forrest as Penelope.

"LES SIRÈNES"—THE NEW BERNERS-ASHTON-BEATON BALLET.

With richly amusing Edwardian costumes devised by Cecil Beaton; witty music by Lord Berners, choreography of Frederick Ashton, and conducted by Constant Lambert, the new ballet "Les Sirènes" was performed by the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company at Covent Garden. The scene: On a Riviera plage in 1904 the Smart Set take their morning promenade. Margot Fonteyn as La Bolero creates excitement by her violent Spanish dancing; Oriental King Hihat descends with retinue by balloon; and between him and Italian Tenor Robert Helpmann there is a duel of wits in love over La Bolero. A diamond necklace from the King intervenes; is lost by La Bolero, who finally loses her Tenor, too.

ACTION PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER WOOD.

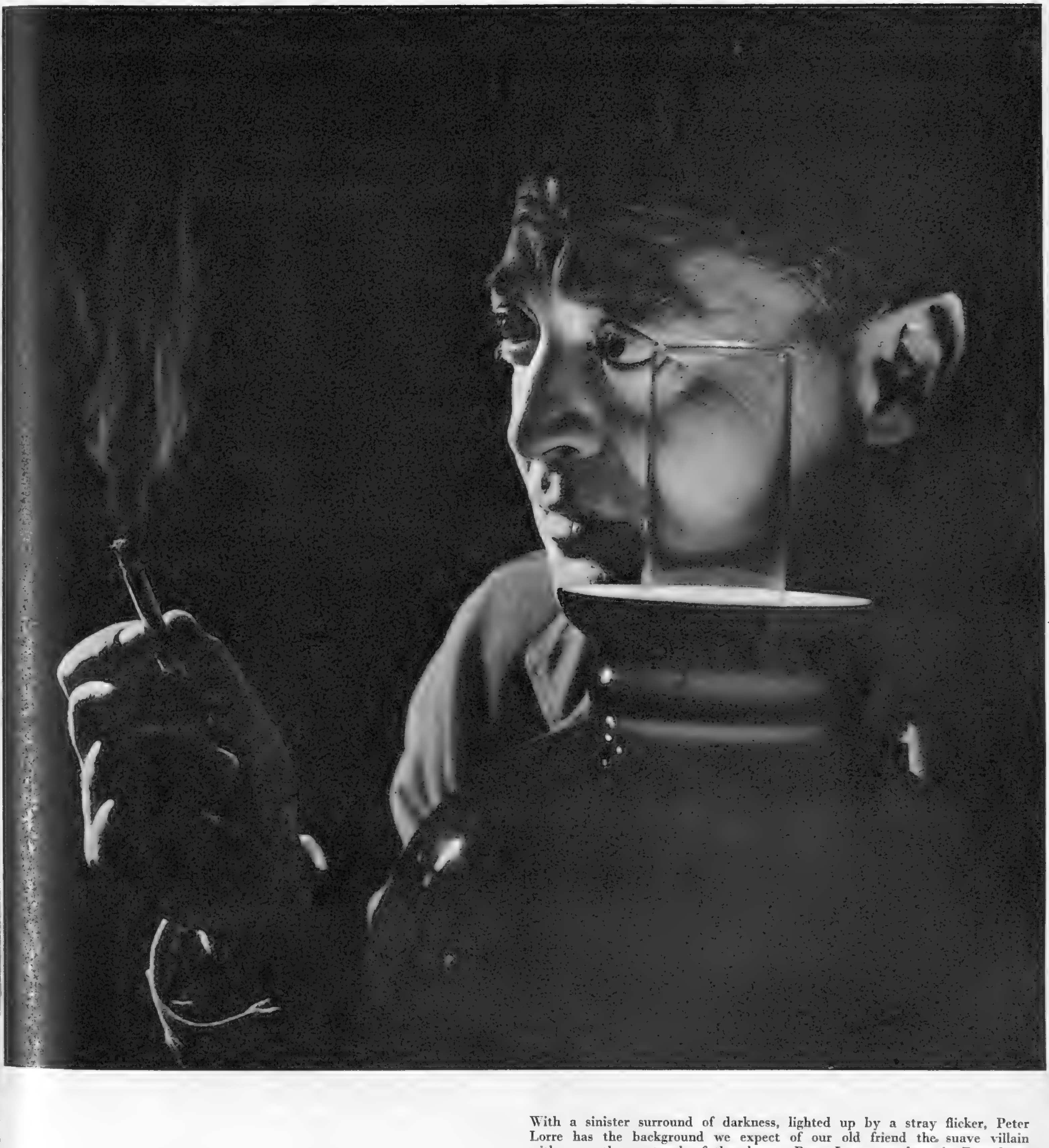
The Smart Set—Edwardian type—in bathing dresses and mustachios of the period go swimming after the morning promenade on a Riviera beach.

King Hihat emphasises his arrival by a contortionist dance with his pseudo-Balinese retinue. Hihat—Frederick Ashton, in fez.

Italian Tenor Canberra is fascinated by Spanish dancer La Bolero; does a fish-dive dance with her. Canberra—Robert Helpmann; La Bolero—Margot Fonteyn. Seagull—Alexis Rassine.

La Bolero tears Canberra's heart-strings in a violent, brilliant rumba; closely watched by the Smart Set.

Miss 1904 takes a swimming lesson from a striped admirer, while another striped swimmer displays a sinewy arm to a socialite.

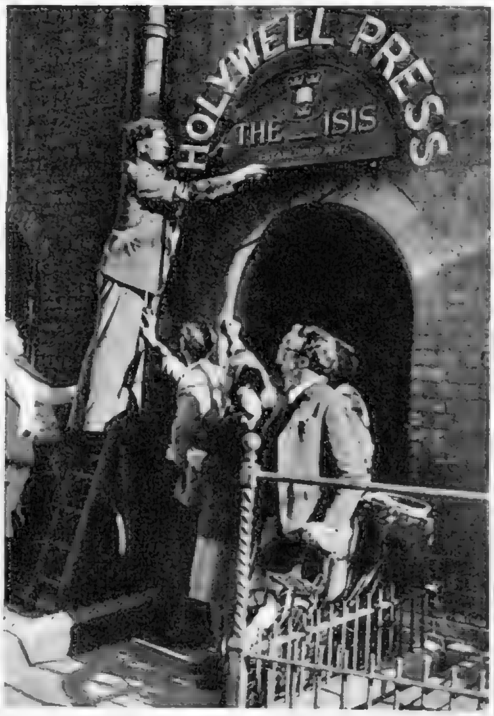


KINEMASTERPIECES—PETER LORRE.

With a sinister surround of darkness, lighted up by a stray flicker, Peter Lorre has the background we expect of our old friend the suave villain with more than a touch of the clown. Peter Lorre was born in Rosenberg, a remote Hungarian village in the Carpathians in 1904, the son of a small landowner. He was six years old when his parents moved to Vienna; and here he received his elementary education, under the strict supervision of his parents, who never allowed him to go to the theatre. But from the stage stories of his schoolfriends, a strong theatrical instinct was roused in Peter, and at seventeen he left home to go on the stage. Gaining experience by stage parts here and there he eventually arrived in Berlin, and Fritz Lang starred him in the film "M"—a portrayal of a pathological child-murderer which brought him world fame. Not wishing to be typed in this sort of rôle, he made comedies; starred in "The Man Who Knew Too Much"; in the "Mr. Moto" series of films; "Arsenic and Old Lace" and "The Verdict" are among his later starring vehicles.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY KARSH.

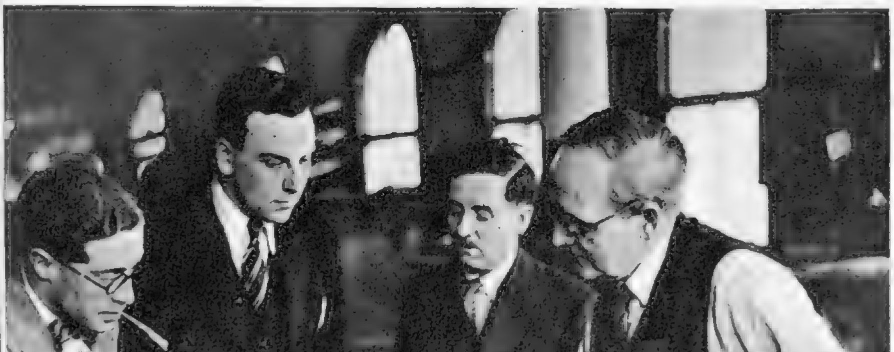
"THE ISIS" staff arrives to start the new term at their editorial offices in Alfred Street, Oxford: (l. to r.) John Hartland-Swan, Lit. Editor (Lincoln College); G. E. L. Owen, Asst. Lit. Editor (Corpus Christi); Miss M. E. Roe, Asst. Editress (St. Hilda's); Miss D. I. Jones, proof-reader (St. Hilda's); Miss S. Clothier, Editress (St. Hilda's); Brian J. F. Galpin, Editor (Hertford College); C. H. Fergusson, Joint Sports Editor (Trinity); Robert Austin, News Editor (Queen's); and I. O. Carlisle, Joint Sports Editor (New).



"The Isis," founded in 1892, takes its name from Oxford's river, continuation of the Thames. The magazine is printed and published by the Holywell Press, which is also responsible for its distribution to the local bookstalls, and handles the advertising space. Above: Brian Galpin (Hertford) puts finishing touches to the new sign.

Great credit is due to the retiring Editor of "The Isis," John Horden, whose energetic struggles have helped to make the reappearance of "The Isis" possible. The Editor's job is a full-time affair, leaving little opportunity for study, so a new Editor is appointed at the beginning of each term.

"The Isis" Editress Sally Clothier, in situ.



Right: Mr. Newman Brown, compositor, who has helped to produce "The Isis" since 1912, confers with the retiring News Editor, Gerhard Schlesinger; John Horden is centre; Mr. S. J. Kelly, of the Holywell Press, centre, right.

LITERARY LIGHTS AT THE UNIV

OXFORD'S "ISIS";

Oxford's "Isis" and Cambridge's "Granta" were both reborn this year after an enforced retirement during the war. The editorship of both papers is usually held to be an indication of a brilliant future;

N.B. A Coloured pl

The "Granta" Music Editor Robin Young, no lowbrow, likes to work on the floor.

On the carpet? Michael Jaffe, the "Granta's" Editor, looks on while the Music Editor spreads himself and his material.

"Granta's" Sports Editor Hedley LeBas at work.

SITIES: THE TERM'S STAFFS FOR CAMBRIDGE'S "GRANTA."

and many famous men have been contributors in the past. These University magazines are watched with great interest for coming talent. "The Isis" was founded in 1892; "Granta" in 1889.

Tony Pugh, the "Granta's" staff artist watches sixty-four-year-old Henry Ingrey at work on the monotype keyboard. Mr. Ingrey has been fifty years on the paper; has seen many editors come and go.

inserted in this issue.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

RAY MILLAND, *for achieving doubly decisive awards as "best male film-actor of 1946."*

Ex-Sergeant-Major K. JACKIE, *for his head-on, roof-top morning P.T. to music.*

RAY MILLAND, winner of Hollywood's "Oscar" as best male actor for 1946, for his performance in "Lost Week-End," was also awarded for that film the Grand Prix du Cinéma at the recent Cannes International Film Festival—a double decision which stamps his merit. France's Premier, M. Georges Bidault, is seen in the picture handing him his prize, with U.S. Ambassador Jefferson Caffery, centre, and Mme. Bidault, left.

THE attractive Cingalese girl seen handling a tractor in a workmanlike manner dressed in her own Indian sari is one of six girl students over here to study methods of training agricultural students at the Usk Institute of Agriculture, Monmouthshire. To tune-in with our climate they are all being fitted out with more suitable clothing; meanwhile they add beauty to English fields in their bright dress.

THIS CINGALESE GIRL, *for sponsoring a new fashion in tractor-driver's kit.*

GILLIAN WEBB, B.B.C. television announcer, made television history last week when she made a television broadcast from the bottom of a diving-tank at a submarine works at Surbiton clad in a lightweight diving-suit. She stayed below for five minutes.

ON the last day of the flat-racing season Harry Wragg rode his last four mounts before he said good-bye to racing to take up training. At Manchester he rode three winners running: Tiffin Bell; Aprolon, and the Manchester November Handicap on Las Vegas—a 200-to-1 treble good-bye to the jockey's saddle. Wragg, a jockey for twenty-eight years, is forty-five; his nickname "Head Waiter" owing to his favourite habit of waiting with a horse for a last-minute effort.

AT eleven o'clock each morning ex-Sergeant-Major K. Jackie appears on the roof of a building in Store Street, Bloomsbury; climbs to a roof-top, stands on his head, and plays the mouth-organ and ukulele simultaneously. Only just demobilised, Jackie had a long spell of service with the Army Physical Training Corps; describes his daily performance as a fine way of keeping fit.

GILLIAN WEBB, *for her submerged television broadcast.*

HARRY WRAGG, *for exchanging jockey's mount for trainer's bike after a final treble.*

AND WE APPLAUD

GLYNIS JOHNS, for the husky-voiced sophisticated yet ingénue charm which endears to the audience her impression of a perverse bride.

"Fools Rush In," the farce at the Fortune, gives Glynis Johns a chance of making the neatest vignette of a bride who jibs at the eleventh hour. All dressed for the church, she reads over the Marriage Service; finds the sacrifices involved quite out of the question; says so, and gets a thrashing. Glynis Johns uses her husky voice and radiant simplicity to perfection so that in spite of the monstrous absurdity of her actions she wins the audience all through the play. The mother, seen in the picture, is played by Joyce Barbour.

GOING AWAY?

THEN HOW ABOUT SWITZERLAND?

SWITZERLAND'S snow-clad slopes are wide open to you for the 1946-7 season except for one bottleneck—transport. Once you are in Switzerland, there are no transport difficulties, but travel across France, by air or train, is limited. It is now almost impossible to get through for a Christmas holiday. But afterwards, in January and February, when the winter sports are in full swing, facilities will be much greater.

A Once-Over on Costs.

In Switzerland itself, the aim is not to get back to pre-war standards and conditions, but to improve on them. Travelling *in* Switzerland, for instance, will be easier than it was in 1938-9. I am assured there is no need to go to the trouble of booking seats for any railway once you are in the country. Hotel accommodation is much the same as it was seven years ago. There is still rationing, but it is planned to give the visitor the minimum of trouble. At the frontier you are given meal coupons for the first three days of your stay. After that your hotel sees to them for you—unless, by sheer force of habit, you succumb to the urge to get them from the local Food Office yourself!

One piece of happy news is that hotel prices do not reflect the upward trend in prices which most countries have experienced. The Swiss franc is pegged at 17.35 to the English pound sterling, and a large hotel in a popular resort would probably charge you a little under £10 a week inclusive.

Taken by and large, a winter-sports holiday this season should equal in every way any pre-war holiday; and should be little, if anything, more expensive—once you have succeeded in reaching the friendly welcome of Swiss soil. That, of course, is the snag.

The Business of Getting There.

The first necessity is a valid passport. Your present one, unless you have used it during the past seven years, will have expired if it is more than ten years old, or will need renewal. And see that you have the necessary visas: Swiss and French—and a Belgian one as well if you travel via Ostend.

The second necessity is a seat booked on either an air-liner or boat-and-train. Without this definitely arranged, all the other preparations are wasted time. A seat can still be obtained if you apply long enough in advance, but more easily for a single traveller than for a party wanting to travel together. Money is still rationed at £75 per adult for twelve months; children under sixteen, £40. But the cost of the journey does not have to come out of this £75.

Every Swiss resort this season has a very full programme of events fixed from early December to the end of March. The complete official programme fills twenty-four closely-printed pages. About 130 winter-sports centres are listed as open, so you have a wide choice. There are competitions in ice hockey, curling, speed skating, ski-ing, and bobsleigh, with classes for all from "No fall" races for beginners to World Championships later in the season. Davos begins December with ice-hockey matches between local teams. In mid-December the Alpine Sun Terraces are ceremoniously opened, and on Christmas Day Oxford and Cambridge are billed to meet for ski races—a sure sign that things have returned to normal.

February for Thrills.

Probably February will be the best month for thrills and excitement. On the first two days of February, St. Moritz is holding the World Championship for Boblets, and on the second day there will also be ski-jumping on the Olympia Leap. The World Championship for Bobsleighs is on February 7 and 8, and from the 6th to the 9th there will be the international ski-races for the White Ribbon of St. Moritz. These are just the high spots in a day-to-day list of events whose mere reading gives one an advance thrill.

The Swiss had their troubles during the war, even if they did not include fighting, but they found time to give the usual care to all the slopes, runs and rinks, from those patronised by beginners to the famous Cresta Run. Everything is in perfect condition.

Incidentally, it is worth pointing out that while a winter-sports holiday generally means taking part in winter sports, merely to lounge about in the snow and sunshine is a tonic. And if you decide to join in the spontaneous gaiety of the tyros plunging about on the nursery slopes you'll be making a sound health investment—even if you don't come back an expert ski-er.

Equipment On the Spot.

Coupons and shortages present a ticklish problem in assembling a winter-sports outfit; definitely not the pre-war shopping expedition which was half the fun of holiday preparations. But the Sports Dealers Association of Switzerland, operating in most centres, hires out first-class equipment at modest charges. Skis and sticks can be hired for as little as 12 francs a week, and ski boots for 7 francs a week. Toboggans are 4 francs a week. You can thus set out minus equipment and still be sure of your sport.

With clothes, you may have to "make do" to a certain extent, but winter-sports fashions cover a wide field. The great thing is to be practical. There is plenty of clothing in Switzerland, and no doubt you will be tempted. I sympathise. But don't forget your £75 limit when promising yourself you will buy this or that when you get there!

Well, there it is, all laid on for you. Now go to it! And once you get there, you can revel in the double comfort of enjoying yourself and knowing that your temporary absence from the English scene will release a few extra packets of cigarettes for those of us who are left behind—maybe even a Christmas turkey!

FRANK MOSS.

"Frozen" by camera flashlight, the ice-spray flew up as two players fought for the lead.

"FROZEN" ACTION OF THE FASTEST GAME ON EARTH.

By means of a new high-speed flash-lamp, the cameraman has "frozen" incidents in ice-hockey, the fastest game in the world, never successfully photographed before owing to its terrific speed. For danger, speed and fight the game has hardly its equal. Ice-hockey is played in a series of short dashes—dodging, shifting, side-stepping and even hurdling being parts of the puck-chasers' routine. In the pictures we have the Harringay ice-hockey teams, Racers and Greyhounds, putting in some intensive practice in preparation for the forthcoming National League matches. The new British high-speed flash-lamp makes an exposure of 1/10,000th part of a second, catching and fixing every particle of ice as it is flung up by the players' sticks.

In a flurry of ice particles a player made a tricky feint and carried the puck.

Left: Mêlée before the goal. The goal-tender has 4 ft. by 6 ft. of open net to protect; must cover as much of it as he can with his body, shifting constantly between the posts to hamper the vision of opposing sharpshooters.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MR. HENRY GREEN has established himself as a novelist with a technique and even an idiom of his own. The technique is of the streamlined kind: bare and spare and steely, his story holds to its course through a bleak, harsh landscape, rarely slowing down, still more rarely pausing, and carrying the minimum of extra weight in the way of ornament and comment. His technique is like a machine, a very good machine, and each novel shows that he has recast and improved it. As to his idiom, this, though still terse and laconic, follows convention more closely than it once did; but he keeps his trick of occasionally substituting an adjective for an adverb ("Mr. Grant answered bright," "She replied, tart") which gives his work a proletarian air.

Rose by Another Name. This is deliberate, I think. He means his story to have its roots in the soil of common experience, and has chosen for this new novel a theme of wide appeal. Charley Summers returns to England about buzz-bomb time, a repatriated prisoner with a wooden leg, slowed down in mind and speech, bewildered by liberty. The special circumstance is that Rose, the married woman he adored, is dead. That makes his homecoming harder; and what makes it more bewildering still is his discovery of Rose's half-sister, Nancy, a girl so like her to look at that he faints when he sees her, and for a long time cannot be persuaded (even the reader may share his uncertainty) that she is not really Rose with Rose's red hair dyed black. Fresh from who knows what terrible experiences in prison, he cannot clarify his mind, and Nancy, suspecting he is mad, treats him with brutal roughness. His work (he is employed in a factory in close touch with a Government department) suffers; he is not far off a nervous breakdown. He is haunted by the mysterious Mr. Middlewitch as by a familiar; a girl in the office enters his dream-world and is badly let down; he cannot return to reality, for reality means Rose, and he has lost her.

A Change of Heart. His psychic rehabilitation comes through Nancy. Like other highly intellectual, experimental novelists, Mr. Green has his own version of reality—in his case a very personal one, achieved by extreme realism in dialogue and subtlety in the analysis of fine shades of feeling. Particular details make one catch one's breath, they are so lifelike, but a general air of plausibility is something that Mr. Green neither seeks for nor obtains. He is a spellbinder and can command belief as long as the spell lasts. A true artist, he asserts, he does not explain; if he tried to explain, a great deal of Charley's story would be less convincing than it is—his relationship with Rose's parents, for instance, and their attitude (still more arbitrary and peculiar) to Nancy. For some of this Mr. Green can plead Turner's justification of his sunset; but not, it seems to me, for Nancy's complete change of heart and nature. Incredibly tough, rude, callous and hard-boiled at the outset, she becomes, about half way through, an angel of understanding, sweetness and patience. Pity for Charley and the love that soon followed it might have softened her; they could scarcely have wrought such a transformation.

But Mr. Green's Muse needs love, and requited love, if he is to show his best powers, and for the beauty with which he invests that emotion (beauty often conjured out of ugliness) we must try to excuse the phenomenon of the Ethiopian changing her skin. "Back" has not the beauty or the imaginative richness of "Loving"; but it is a faithful transcription of the chaos of war and its ravages, as of bomb-damage, in the human consciousness. Mr. Phillips observes: "Everything 's been a long time. Why, only the other day I read in my paper where a doctor-man gave as his opinion that we were none of us normal." This is the world Charley comes back to and flounders in, unable to understand how it can be the same and yet so changed.

A Spy Story With a Difference. "The Driving Fear" is a spy story, but with a difference—many differences. One is the almost complete absence of any sensational element. Both the spy and the spy-hunters pursue their callings in an unhurried and decorous fashion, being perfectly polite to each other almost to the last, when one of the younger sleuths gets a little rattled. They are all artists at their job, worthy of their creator, who is certainly an artist at hers.

The scene is laid in Cyprus, where all the war through Miss Laura Merridew, now nearing sixty, with the help of her confederate, Chakkol, has been sending wireless messages to the Germans. She is an Englishwoman with no grievance against her country but an obsessive terror—a driving fear of poverty. I suppose one ought not to quarrel too much with an author's postulates or with what happens before a book begins; but still I cannot bring myself to believe that this conventionally brought-up woman, with her genuine regard for certain spiritual values, would so readily have embraced one of the basest of all trades and one in which, moreover, remuneration was scanty and irregularly paid. Miss Dunstan does not try to explain this improbability away; she portrays Laura as a self-sufficient, rather bleak-natured woman, whose distinction of mind and bearing made a deep impression on Sir Philip Stacey, a very important person, whose visit to Cyprus was giving the rank and file in the "Security" Department a good deal of anxiety. Rigid, elderly and crusty, he did not hit it off with young Nicholas Gregory, whose job it was to watch over him. He found it more agreeable to wander about by himself . . .

After the Murder. After the murder, which was described in the Press as a flying accident, his widow, much younger and more attractive than her husband, on medical advice comes out to Cyprus. The change will take her out of herself, for besides her recent bereavement she has lost two children in an air raid and is in thoroughly bad shape. She too takes a great fancy to Laura Merridew, who is also stricken in health and nerves, not from gnawing guilt—far from it—but from a conviction that the Germans have lost the war and will soon stop sending her supplies. Deliberately she cultivates the friendship of the rich Englishwoman—to the dismay of the Security officials, who by now know all about her, but dare not warn Lady Stacey.

It is a curious, original situation, and Miss Dunstan develops it with great skill and sureness of touch. The spy in her deadly peril; the widow comforting her husband's betrayer and finding her own nature deepened and strengthened thereby; and the chorus of "Security" officers, looking on helplessly and waiting to strike. The officers give the grim story its touch of comedy; their back-chat is all the more amusing for its elegant callousness, its deadly undertone, its light euphemisms that cover the sternest acts. Very few men writers could have caught, as Miss Dunstan does, the special flavour of these conversations, at once so masculine and so esoteric; indeed, they are more convincing than the dialogues between the women, who are inclined to hold forth to each other.

Resisting every temptation to exaggerate, Miss Dunstan writes with admirable restraint and perfect detachment, and her conclusion, which keeps one guessing till the last page, is a triumph of art. Her sensitiveness to natural beauty charms the mind's eye; her style has the spaciousness and unhurried movement of an earlier day. Altogether this is one of the most satisfying novels that have been inspired by the war.

MISS M. G. EBERHART, *whose "Five Passengers from Lisbon" is reviewed on this page, and whose thrillers have been translated into almost every civilised language, has put it on record that she hates going down a staircase in the dark! "The sight of blood," she writes, "gives me a nervous spasm; I put it in my books only with the greatest reluctance, and then call it by another name—a dark stain."*

Thrills. Miss Eberhart enjoys a considerable reputation as a detective-story writer, and justly. But she is a little impatient of the prosaic routine work of detection; her *forte* is to freeze one's blood, and in "Five Passengers from Lisbon" she certainly succeeds. The moment when Marcia, holding the cabin door-knob, feels it turning in her hand, is so terrifying that Miss Eberhart, not unnaturally, repeats it (in effect) more than once. Of course, had Marcia taken the precaution of locking the cabin door. . . . But then both her room-mates were among the suspects, as she herself was.

The U.S. Hospital Ship *Magnolia* had rescued seven survivors from the lifeboat of a sinking Portuguese steamer—two members of the crew and five passengers; one was found to be stabbed when he was taken on board, and other deaths followed quickly. A thick fog soon enveloped the ship, masking the movements of the criminals while the siren drowned the cries of the victims. The captain conducts the investigation, aided by Marcia's admirer, Colonel Josh Morgan—until the latter, too, is listed among the suspects. The current of suspicion now becomes a delta with a corresponding slackening of one's interest. At the end Miss Eberhart pulls the strings tighter and deserves praise for the skilfully unobtrusive way she has diverted attention from the chief culprit; but "Five Passengers from Lisbon" must be included in the long list of detective-stories which fail to fulfil their early promise.

Tough Guys. The characters in "Make the Corpse Walk" do not try to gain their ends by subtlety, though double-crossing is a feature of their technique. They are content to act, leaving their generally discreditable motives too clear to need elucidation. This makes the reveries of Mike Egan and Fresby all the more horrible—makes them stand out from the conventional horrors of corpse and gun and voodoo and violence. Julius Cæsar had a touching confidence in fat men, but with Mr. Marshall the greater the girth the tougher the guy; and the standard of toughness is very high indeed. The forces of light and civilisation are in the main represented by the police; but they arrive too late in the story to give it much uplift.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Back. By Henry Green. (*The Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.*)
The Driving Fear. By Mary Dunstan. (*Heinemann; 8s. 6d.*)
Five Passengers from Lisbon. By M. G. Eberhart. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)
Make the Corpse Walk. By Raymond Marshall. (*Jarrolds; 9s. 6d.*)

"NICHOLAS NICKLEBY" IS BEING SCREENED.

The weary, dreary, ill-fed and dirty little scholars of Dotheboys Hall at their desks.

Allergic to conditions at Dotheboys Hall, Nicholas engages himself as tutor to teach the four little Kenwiggses French. Nicholas Nickleby—Derek Bond.

Nicholas arrives at the cottage which those benevolent creatures, the Cheeryble Brothers, have presented to his mother, Mrs. Nickleby.

At The Saracen's Head the villainous Mr. Wackford Squeers lifts a foaming tankard to his mouth, watched by the thirsty eyes of a new batch of pupils for Dotheboys Hall. Squeers—Alfred Drayton.

Kate Nickleby takes up her work at Mme. Mantalini's establishment where the girls worked their fingers to the bone, their eyes to blindness on the making of Court dresses. Kate—Sally Ann Howes—extreme left.

"The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby" Dickens' immortal classic is in production at Ealing Studios; producer: Michael Balcon; director: Cavalcanti. All the well-remembered characters are there: the Crummleses, the Mantalinis, the Squeers and their appalling institution, Dotheboys Hall; the lovable Cheeryble Brothers; Newman Noggs, Smike, miserly Uncle Ralph; the Nickleby family with the nit-witted mother, sister Kate and Nicholas himself. We are assured that in adapting the story every care has been taken to put on the screen a concise and honest version of this long novel.

Mrs. Squeers gives the boys a daily dose of brimstone and treacle "partly because it spoils their appetites and comes cheaper than breakfast or dinner." Mrs. Squeers—Dame Sybil Thorndike.

TALES WITH A STING

SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES.*

By NORAH BURKE.

MRS. TRENT often wondered if she 'd meet Captain Beaumont again, and what she 'd do if she did. Then it happened. She was on the escalator, mid-day, going down at Oxford Circus, and suddenly in the river of faces flowing up alongside, there he was.

" Wait " she saw him say as he glided past.

She stood there, pink, but she didn't pull out her mirror or compact : she was a woman who did all that at home. Anyhow, there was no need to check up on her looks. Little tight black dress with a collar of gold chains. The soup-plate tomato hat worn absolutely straight on the back of the head. She had perceived, this woman, the exact moment when war conditions ended, and it was time to beat swords into ploughshares. At that moment she quitted loose curls and bare legs. In spite of an 18-carat suntan, too. Instead, she took gloves and hat and stockings out of a bandbox. American nylons. She began to grow her hair and to put it up. . . .

In the half-minute it took to reach the bottom of the escalator her thought dipped like a yo-yo into the past and back again. Brought with it things like a troops' dance in a Nissen hut, a little blue car and never enough petrol, a motor rug left by a haystack, her name on it, too.

But all she did now was to make sure her bracelet was pushed out of sight up her sleeve. The thing had once been a pair of silver sugar-tongs, ironed out and curled round, and it clung to her arm like an asp. She never took it off, like a wedding-ring, but it didn't match this frock. Well, that was as good a reason as any for keeping it out of sight.

At the bottom she stood in the swirl of wind and Tube-smell, reading the list of stations as if she didn't live in town. The moment he was behind her she knew.

" *Kay*——"

She thought " This is it," and she braced herself and turned to face him.

" Beau, how nice to see you again."

His looks began having the same result as before, in spite of no khaki. He was a big man, with lazy long-lashed eyelids which made you feel his gaze, deep down.

" It 's been a long time, Kay."

" Five years." The woman knew it, exactly, but the man did not. Their eyes went over each other. Remembering.

Hers seeing this man back in khaki, evenings at the Red Cow with that old chap who sang " But it 's only a beautiful picture, in a beautiful golden frame." And her husband overseas.

" We must drink on this," Beau was saying.

" Thank you. I mustn't be long, though."

At the bar, to the chink of ice and money, he asked, " What 's it to be ? You needn't keep to beer now, thinking of Army pay." So they drank Scotch.

" Well, how you doing, Kay ? You look fine. Exactly the same."

" No, not exactly. It 's sickening to be going grey at twenty-eight." Her black hair was bright silver at the temples, an undyeable attraction.

" No, you 're not the same," he agreed. " You 're better. I like the silver. What is it ? You 're more finished or something. Sweet." She was small-boned and dainty, she had a tiny waist.

" You 're having the same effect on me as when I first saw you, Kay. I told you about that, I believe."

She smiled a smile with pull in it.

" Ever been back to the Red Cow, girl ? Remember the chap with the piano accordion ? "

" ' For she 's my lady love, she is my turtle dove——' Oh, Beau, it was fun."

" D' you remember the little dog who liked beer ? What did they call her ? Sandy."

Yes, and the darts board with " 17 " missing, and the pewter tankard with a lid. Yes, and a great bloodshot harvest moon, and long grass whisking bare ankles, and embarkation leave. Biting her own bare arm in the dark so 's not to cry, and the funny salt taste of her own skin.

And now, " I suppose your husband 's back ? "

" Been back a year."

" How 's it going ? "

" Oh, all right."

" Quarrel like Darby and Joan, I suppose ? "

She laughed. " It 's funny how you can look forward to someone's return for years and years, and then when he comes do nothing but quarrel with him."

" Something psychological about that, I daresay. If you 'd divorced him and married me, as I suggested——"

" We 'd have been just as bad."

" Post-war problem."

" Are you married, Beau ? "

" No. What d'you quarrel about ? " he asked.

" Oh, I don't know. This and that. It 's my fault mostly, I 'm afraid. I can see that, when I 'm not feeling angry. I let things get on my nerves. He 's very patient and good. Much too good for me. I must take a pull at myself, I really must."

" Life dull, perhaps ? "

" Oh, very." And it was. Rations and permits and queues and cooking. No fruits of victory. Nothing to look forward to. That was the worst of all. Nothing to work for.

But five years ago there had been everything. You looked forward to the end of the war, to victory night. To to-night. This very night best of all.

He was looking at her through new-made smoke. " D'you ever long for the war back, Kay ? I do. We didn't think we 'd ever say that, did we ? "

" There was fun. Well, sometimes."

" Yes."

" Now there 's nothing but cook and eat and wash up, and cook and eat and wash up. God, how I hate it." But she knew excitement once more now. Life beginning to glitter again.

" You 're not a *hausfrau*, sweet, are you ? "

She sparkled. " I always reckoned I 'd be a better concubine than wife. You ought to get married, Beau. You 're wasted. You could make some good girl very happy."

" Not a good girl. Have you still got the bracelet I gave you ? You remember ? The one I had made out of those sugar-tongs because you were too haughty to take jewellery from me, only ' something respectable, like a bread-knife or sugar-tongs.' "

" Yes, I 've still got it."

" Ever wear it ? "

" Yes."

" That 's not one of the things you quarrel about ? "

" Oh, well——"

" Kay, you wouldn't marry me now, I suppose ? You 've had several years to change your mind."

Beyond Beau's shoulder was a blonde. Her hat was made out of three violet feathers and a puff of tulle ; she was calling the barman by his Christian name. Kay never forgot her.

" I haven't changed my mind, Beau."

" Are you still in love with him ? "

" Yes."

" In spite of the quarrels ? "

" Yes."

" Have you told him about me ? "

" Yes."

" Did he mind ? "

" He brought back various snapshots of luscious hook-nosed beauties from the M.E. himself."

" Very voluptuous. Yes, I know."

" Not my type," she said.

" And left you to unpack his kit, I suppose. Very careless."

" Yes. It was funny, Beau ; I hated it. I 'd got no right to be jealous in a way—the virtuous wife !—but I was. I didn't keep photos. [illegible] you about the place. There was a multifoto, too, and he 'd taken the trouble to have one enlarged. That hurt. If he 'd said, ' Look, there it is, but we 've called it a day,' and burnt it, I could have forgotten [illegible] But to have an enlargement made and to keep it. You men are [illegible] hob-nailed. If he hadn't done that, I mightn't have flourished the bracelet."

" Maybe he holds the photos. to balance the bangle."

She kept her right hand over her left sleeve so the thing shouldn't slip down and show. For motives too complicated to follow. " Well, thanks for the drink, Beau. I must be going."

" Give me your 'phone number."

" We haven't got one. We 're one of the 50,000, or whatever it is, who 're waiting to go on."

" Then I 'll give you mine."

He looked in his pockets and found an old blue envelope to write the number on. He hadn't a pencil, so they used her lipstick.

" Don't lose it," he said. " You mustn't vanish."

" Thanks. You 're a dear. Good-bye, Beau."

She was away. She was alone. In the street there were six workmen watching two workmen taking down an E.W.S. tank. Swords into ploughshares. She could see kettles in it, and bricks.

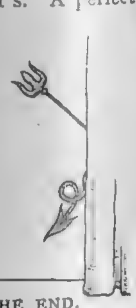
On the spur of the moment she turned into a jeweller's. A perfect young man, in pin-striped trousers and morning coat and white carnation, approached over the dove-grey carpet. She speculated on what he was like drunk, or angry or lustful or something.

" Yes, Madam ? "

She handed him a packet—something rolled up in an old envelope almost as dark blue as the stamp, and with lipstick on it.

He unwrapped it. He dropped the blue envelope into a waste-paper basket.

" You couldn't make that back into sugar-tongs, could you, I suppose ? " she said.



THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

PAINTING A STAR: DOMERGUE AND MICHÈLE.

It is Domergue's métier to paint the famous, the socialite, the intriguing women of the world. So he naturally seized the opportunity to make a portrait of Michèle Morgan, who with her brilliant portrayal of a blind girl in "La Symphonie Pastorale" wrung the first prize for a female interpretation from the International Film Festival at Cannes last month. The film, an austere study in mountain snows, Protestant temperament, depends largely upon the dialogue for its success. Before the war Domergue had a great success on the French *plages* for his studies of women made in lipstick, eye-black, and such-like *maquillagerie*.

From the maëlstrom of the International Film Festival at Cannes last month Michèle Morgan drew the top prize for her performance in "La Symphonie Pastorale." Domergue, painter of women, had sittings from her.

The sitter, the painter, and a friend went the round of Domergue's studio, examining, admiring, criticising.

Trust a Frenchwoman to complete a soignée toilette before she allows herself to be portrayed.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"'A YEAR ahead,' did you say? My dear chap, I can't see a month ahead," declared the Broker, flicking the ash from his cigarette. "I 've never known a time when it was so hard to see your way in our markets."

"Oh, yes, you have," the Jobber contradicted. "Lots of times: I 've heard you say so myself. Mind you, I agree that it 's very difficult to guess what 's going to happen over the next year or two."

They appealed for guidance to the Banker.

"I cannot see there is any serious likelihood of the Government relaxing its cheap-money policy," he answered. "And so long as that is maintained, Stock Exchange prices will remain high."

"Artificially high," commented the City Editor. "We are living in an atmosphere that is financially inflated."

"Oh, yes," the Broker retorted impatiently, "we know all about that. You 're not writing for your paper now, so you needn't be pompous. Industrials are very high, but that 's no reason why their prices shouldn't go up still further."

"Gilt-edged stocks can't have much more rise in them, surely?"

"Consols will go to 100. That is written on the wall."

The Banker agreed. "And when Consols reach three figures," he added, "all their satellites will keep them company. I am executor in an estate that has to provide a tax-free annuity of £100 a year to an old servant of the deceased."

"So what, Sir?"

"I was going to tell you. To provide for this, we have to earmark about £7600, at to-day's gilt-edged yields."

The Broker pencilled a quick calculation. "Yes, I suppose you do," he confirmed. "Sounds pretty stiff, though. You are confined to Trustee stocks, I suppose? Yes, I thought so."

"And so long as Dalton hangs on to his cheap-money obsession, we shall have all the blue-chip ordinary shares going ahead."

"Why 'blue-chip'?"

"Can't tell you. Probably an Americanism. It applies to Harrods, Imperial Tobacco, Courtaulds, Cerebos, Hugons, Shell Transport, and all that kind of thing."

"Sort of sound investments, eh?"

"That 's the idea. You can help yourself to any of them, knowing they will never cause you sleepless nights."

"Give me something more exciting," the Engineer demanded robustly. "You can have the safety-first blue chips and no doubt you 'll come out all right. But——"

"How about aircraft?" suggested the Broker. "You get a dash of speculation there, and you can pick out shares with a very decent chance of improvement in price."

"Carry on," said the Engineer, plainly interested. He glanced a little furtively at the Banker, who, however, was engrossed in his newspaper.

"Well," replied the Broker, "there 's de Havilland that I 'd recommend amongst the £1 shares; I should say they offer scope for talent. Amongst the five-bobbers, I 'd pick out Hawker-Siddeley and Handley-Page. You 're not likely to hurt with either of them."

"Worst of those aircraft companies," the City Editor objected, "is the obsolescence problem. They are always up against that. Still, I suppose they mostly keep well up to date."

"Bound to. My argument is that you get a reasonable yield on your money, with a very fair chance of seeing your shares go up in price. Of course, there are other good ones besides the three I 've mentioned."

"Yes, I wondered why you didn't say Bristol Aeroplane," remarked the City Editor. "Ten-shilling shares, aren't they?"

The Engineer laughed. "You 've certainly given me a good selection. I feel torn between the charms of aircraft and of motor companies. In some respects, there seems to me a vague similarity between them."

"You think so? I wouldn't have said so myself," the Broker disagreed. "To my mind, motor shares are a different proposition altogether. Rolls-Royce, for instance, pays 20 per cent. dividend and the shares yield little more than 3½ per cent. on your money. The Company's shares are as sound as its cars."

"How about the others?"

"Austins, Morris, Standards——"

"Fords?"

"Why not? A capital quartette. Not easy to choose between them from the investment point of view. When E.P.T. comes off at the end of this year——"

"We shall have another tax to take its place," the City Editor chipped in. "The Government cannot afford to abandon such a huge revenue as E.P.T. has brought in. I know no more than the next man does, but can you imagine Dalton willingly relinquishing such a profitable tax?"

"Still, I thought Industrials had been going up on the assumption that E.P.T. is coming off completely?" The Engineer seemed puzzled.

"H-m—yes; they have, to some extent," the City Editor admitted. "But the Local Loans money is having the more effect, I should say. And it 's going to remain the mainspring of our market movements until well into the New Year. That 's my guess, anyway. What 's yours?" he asked the Merchant. "You 've been keeping very quiet this morning."

"I 've been drinking in your words of wisdom, and wondering how much longer we shall have to wait for a revival in my favourite West African mines."

The Banker rallied him for changing the subject so abruptly. "Aren't West African mining shares rather a stagnant market? Not," he hedged discreetly, "that I follow mines with any degree of attention. I am, indeed, a babe in such markets."

"I 've held Ariston Gold shares for years," the Merchant told them. "They are good things, too. The last quarterly report struck me as being excellent."

"You 're very right," the Broker agreed. "That company is doing remarkably well, and the shares are cheap. Pay you quite decent dividends, too. They are useful to put away for future reference. West Africans will have their turn one of these days, and when it comes, Ariston and Gold Coast Main Reef are going to be somewhere in the van of the advance."

"Who 's talking like a newspaper article now?" asked the City Editor triumphantly. "But I take it that you 'd rather be in the van than in the cart, eh?"

"That 's not too funny." The Solicitor was critical. "By the way, I thought that some of you were going to tell me what to sell in that deceased estate I was talking about last time. Can't you give me a lead?"

"Count me out," said the Broker. "Any Local Loans in that account? If so, you might clear them off, by way of making a start."

"I thought of that myself. There 's a small block of Locals in the estate, and I don't see any particular point in keeping the stock until next January. It is to be paid off on the fifth of the month, I believe?"

"At 100, plus accrued interest worth about seven-and-sixpence per cent. nett."

"That will do for one item, at all events. Then there are tidy holdings of gilt-edged preference shares: Levers, Imperial Chemicals, Dunlops, County of London, British American Tobacco. I can't remember the others."

"All tip-top securities," the Broker stated. "No fault to be found with any of them. But if you are obliged to raise money for Death Duties——"

"As I am!"

"—then I should be inclined to take advantage of to-day's high prices and let some of the shares go. Not but what," the Broker confessed regretfully, "it seems a pity to part with such front-rank investments."

"You don't part *with* a thing," observed the City Editor primly. "You part *from* it—— Here! Leave off! What 's the game?"

The train had run into the terminus, and the Jobber, gripping his friend's arm, explained that he was only demonstrating how you could part with and from a man at one and the same time.

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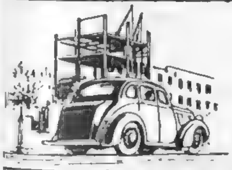

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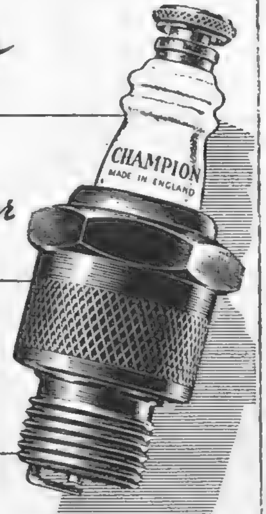

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TWENTY-THREE SHOPPING DAYS

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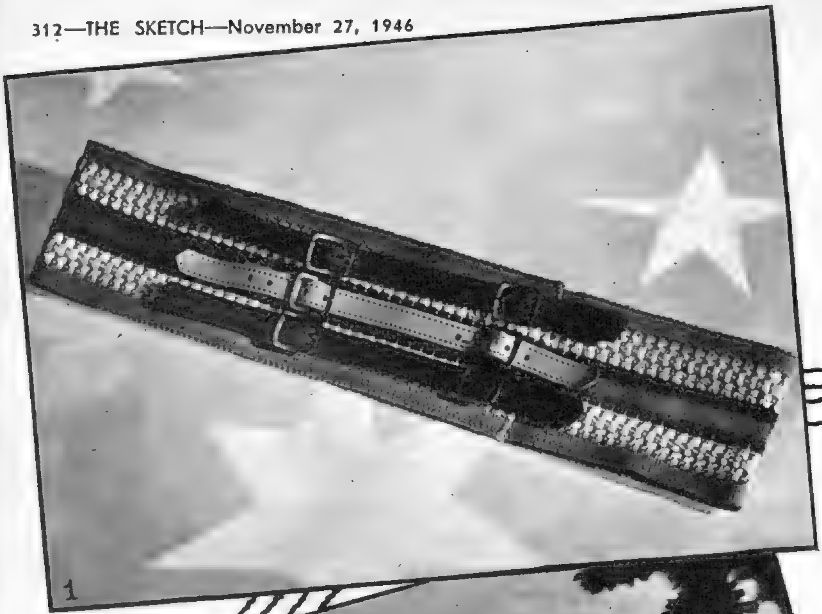

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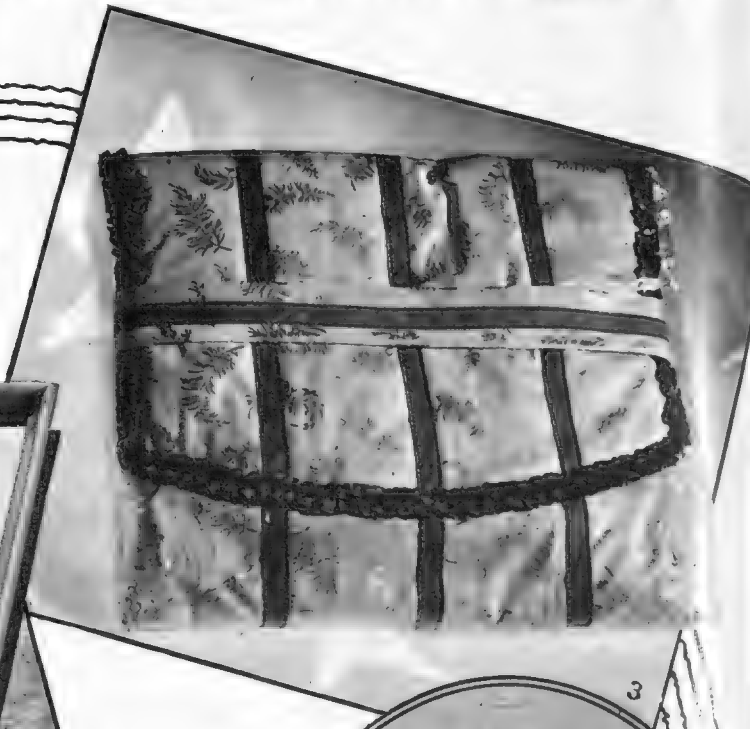

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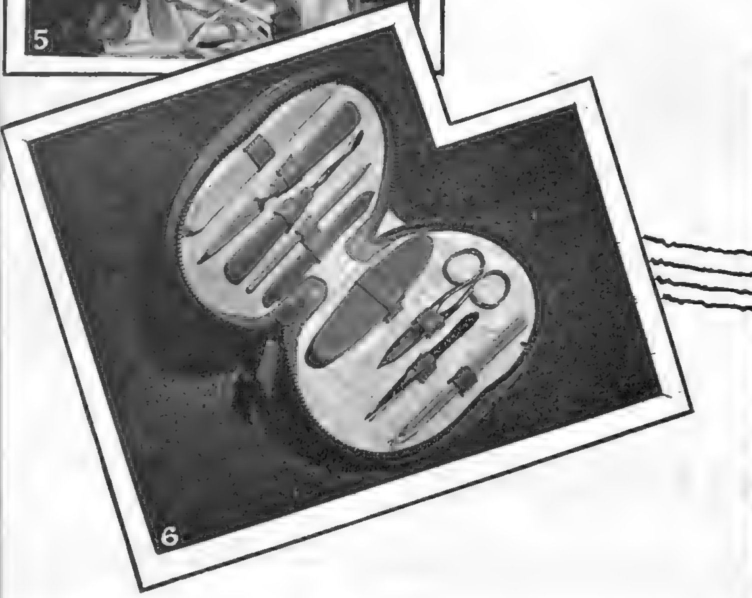
(1) Multi-coloured webbing belt, leather strapped, 54/2 from Lillywhites. (2) Tray with hand-painted print under glass. Various colourings and designs. Price £6 6s. 0d., from Fortnum and Mason's Gift Department. (3) Sponge bag, in quilted nylon, waterproof lined in pink, blue, mauve or green, £3 6s. 0d. Hot-water bottle cover to match, 35/-, from Elizabeth Arden. (4) French gilt and paste spray, £6 6s. 0d., and pearl and bead clips or ear-rings. Blue and pearl, pink and pearl, jade and pearl, 4½ guineas a pair, from Harvey Nichols. (5) Pure silk nightdress, white with coffee lace. £6 5s. 6d., from Fenwicks, of Bond Street. (6) Manicure set in soft leather case, assorted colours, £4 4s. 0d. to £5 10s. 0d. Harvey Nichols. (7) "Tweed" perfume by Lenthéric, 40/- per ½-oz. bottle, limited supplies, from Selfridges.



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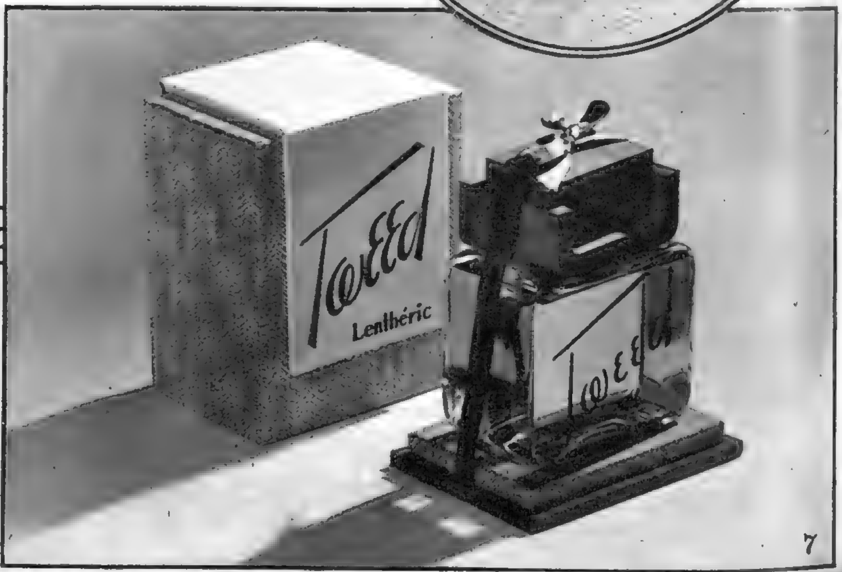

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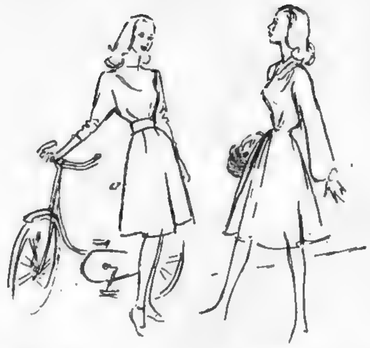

Seventeen

—the age when feminine loveliness is being formed and when the delicate line, soon to reach a firmer mould, needs the gentle aid of

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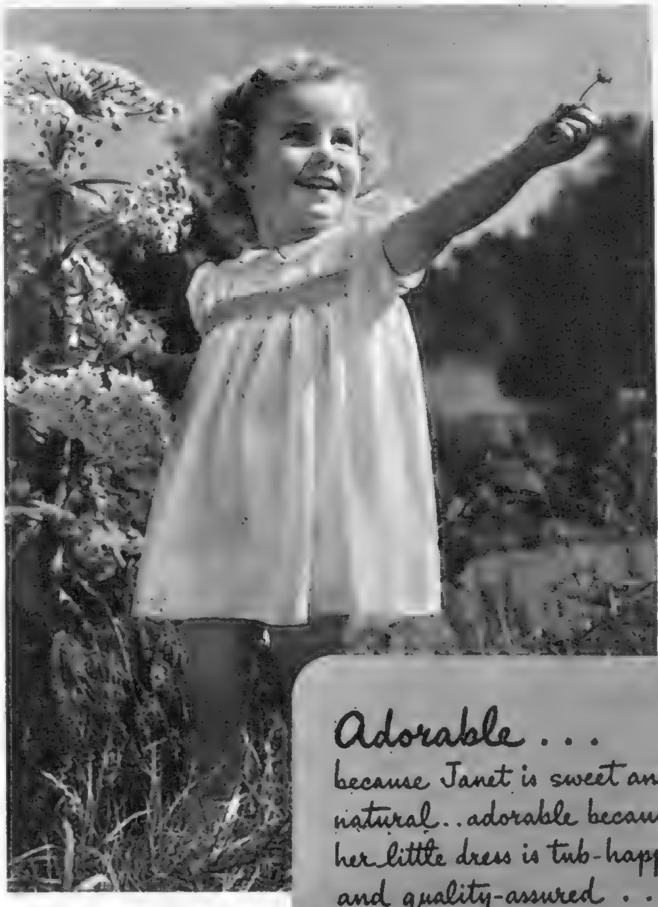
BEAUTY Oatine CREAMS

Oatine Cream 2/8 & 5/3½; Oatine Snow 2/2½; Oatine Powder Base 2/7; including Purchase Tax

CVS—27



Frock made in 'Celanese' Crepe from Bestway pattern no. 20,289.

Adorable . . . because Janet is sweet and natural . . adorable because her little dress is tub-happy and quality-assured . . . because it is made from

'Celanese'

TRADE MARK

to make you GAY

I have matched Nature's own glorious tints in my lovely range. Follow my washing instructions and these soft, warm silky textured Jester wools will 'Never Shrink from a Wash.'

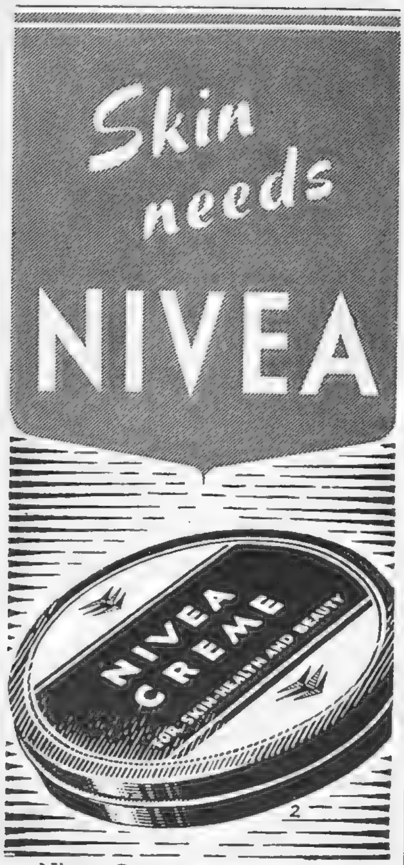
To knit the Jumper shown here get Jester Publication No. 1001.

Jester Wools

for Gayer Garments

The Jester Wool Company Ltd.

JESTER HOUSE, ROMAN FORUM, LEICESTER



Nivea Creme penetrates deep into the tissues beneath the skin surface. It replaces the natural health and beauty elements that the skin continually loses through washing, sun and wind. In the blue and white tin, 2/-

Herts Pharmaceuticals Ltd., Welwyn Garden City

For men about Christmas

pop into Austin Reed's

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VALSTAR LTD.,
SALFORD 6, Lancs.
also at 314 Regent Street, London, W.1.

Amusing Toys in felt—Dog, Rabbit, Giraffe, Camel and Deer.

£1.10.5. each

Ground Floor—Tudor Building

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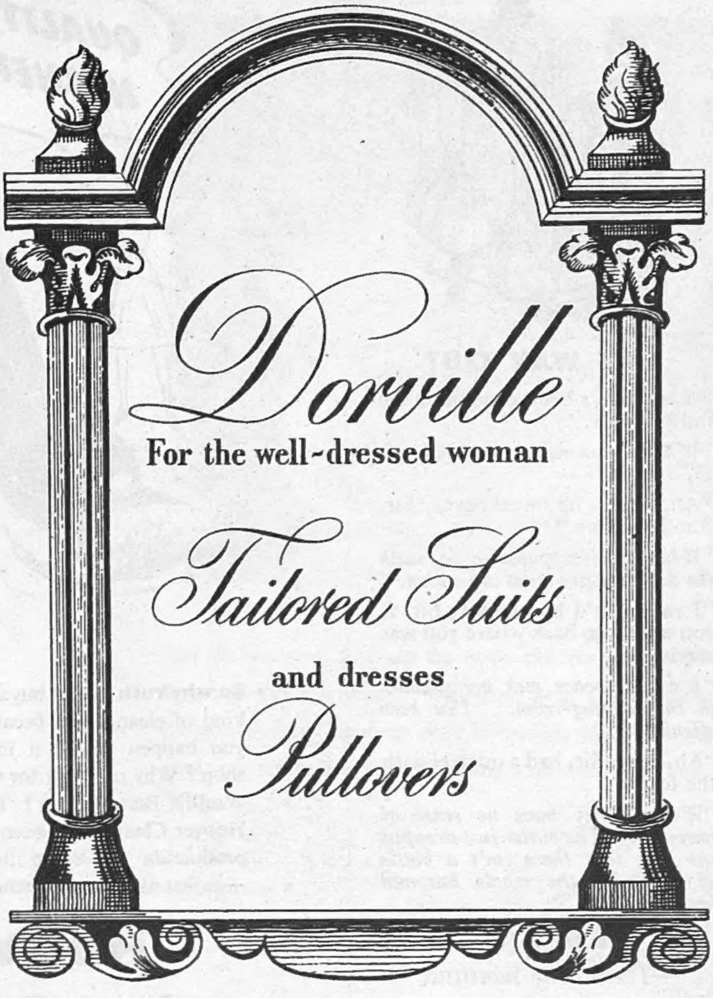
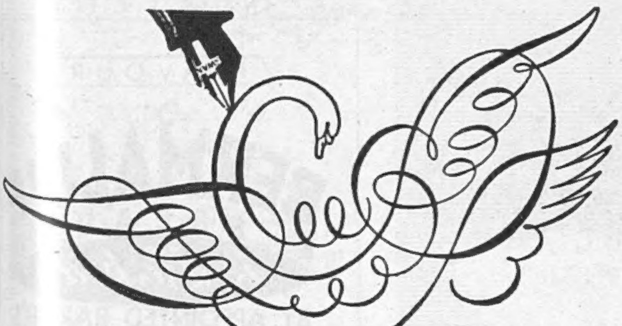
Member of the London Model House Group





No pen is there like it,
for smoothness and flow!
Its name, so world-famous,
you're certain to know

she wears her prettiest dress and a flattering hat,

but "... darling,
you look tired," HE SAID

A man, in his tenderness, can strike a blow at the happiness of a pretty woman; for she knows that a tired look means an old look. So it's never too early to start using Skin Deep faithfully day and night. Skilfully blended with oils closely resembling the natural ones in your complexion, Skin Deep is really *good for your skin.* It's a lovely, lasting powder base by day and a rich skin food by night.

Skin Deep
BEAUTY CREAM
FOR DAY AND NIGHT USE
ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET, W.1

A.S.D. 15.859

Twomax

REAL SCOTCH
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BRUSHED-WOOL CARDIGAN

For colder days this all-wool Cardigan combines comfort and style. Obtainable in the following colours: Peony Red, Limpid Blue, Autumn Brown, Pastelle Blue, Sun Olive Green and Beige. To fit 36" Bust.

Obtainable from all good Stores.
We cannot supply the Public direct.

McCLURE & McINTOSH Ltd.
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THIS WAY OUT

" Last train's been gone these ten minutes, Sir."

"*What do you mean 'gone.' Where's the 11.45?*"

"Ah, that be weekdays, Sir. Sunday today."

"*What am I supposed to do, walk the odd fifty-five miles to London?*"

"I reckon it'd be quicker, Sir, if you was to go back where you was staying."

"*I would sooner seek my slumber in the waiting-room. I've been offended.*"

"Ah, I see, Sir, had a quarrel with the folks."

"*Worse. They have no sense of hospitality. The butler just dropped the hint that there isn't a bottle of Rose's in the whole baronial household.*"

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—There is no substitute

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Jacqmar

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For Men's Shoes by Crockett & Jones, Northampton, ask for the 'Health' brand

CVS—126A

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is Baked

BY APPOINTED BAKERS

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PURITY

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Andy ADAGES No. 22

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"THESE ARE THE GLOVES YOU HAVE HEARD ABOUT"

2/6 per pair from all Ironmongers & Stores, or direct **2/9** post free. (State size and send I coupon per pair.)

TEDSON THORNLEY & CO.
ROCHDALE

Andy Regd **GARDEN GLOVES**

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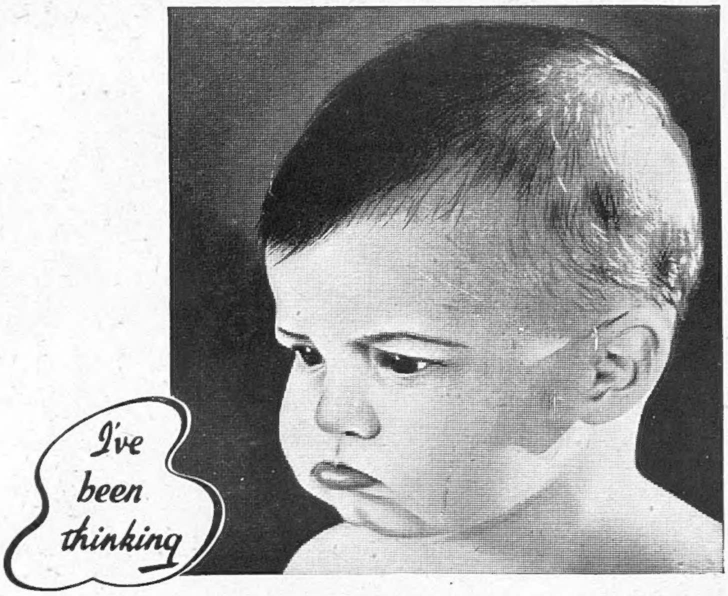
THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



that the lonely old folk and the needy children must not be forgotten this Christmas. With your help The Salvation Army can carry Christmas cheer to those in need. Will you send your gift to The Salvation Army Christmas Fund now? Thank you!

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PHILLIPS' *Magnesia* CREAMS

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia*

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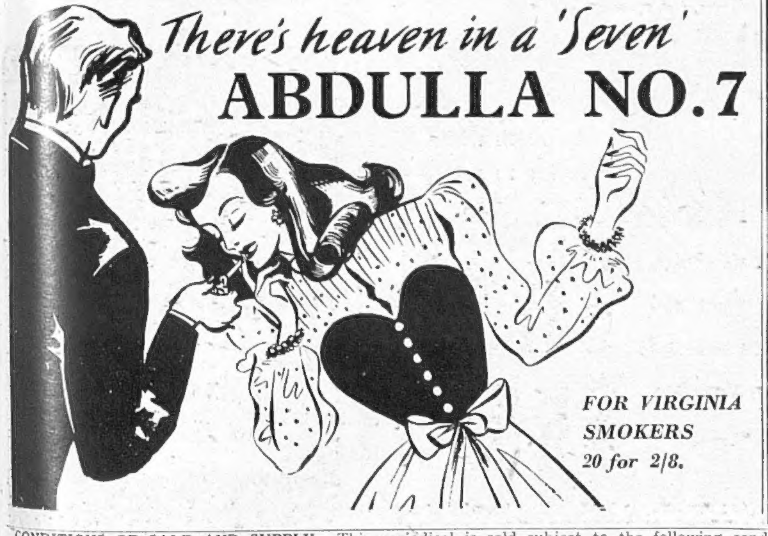
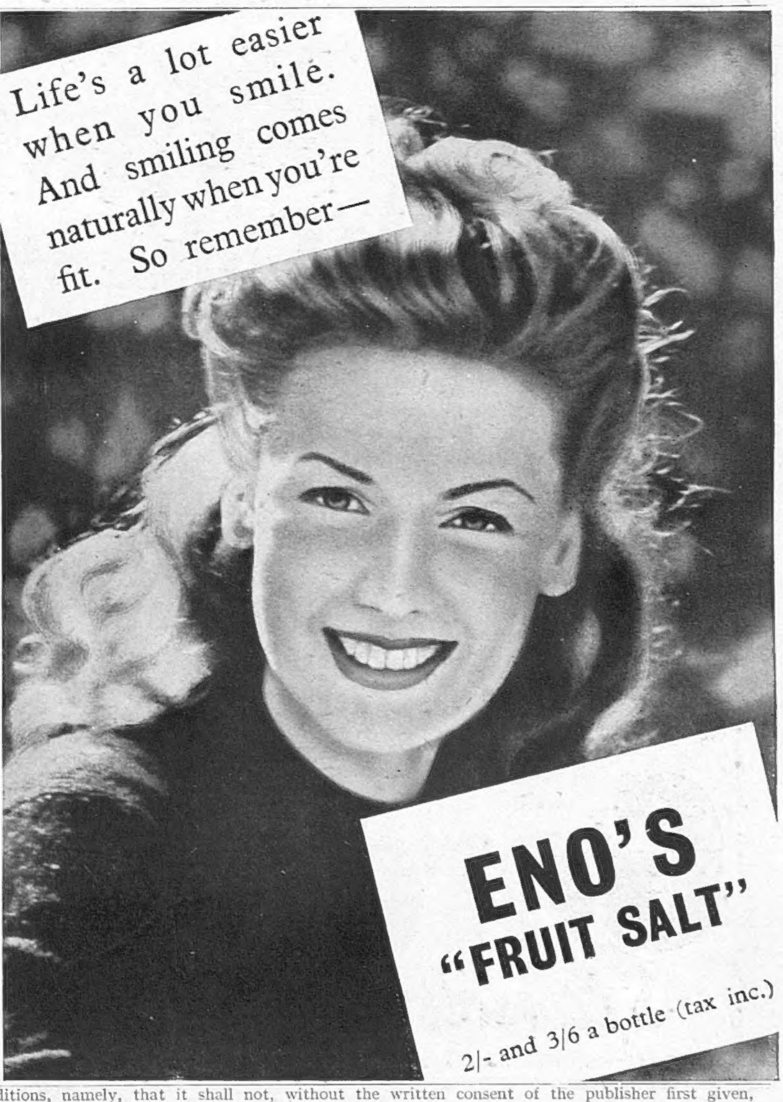
ABDULLA NO.7



FOR VIRGINIA SMOKERS

20 for 2/8.



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